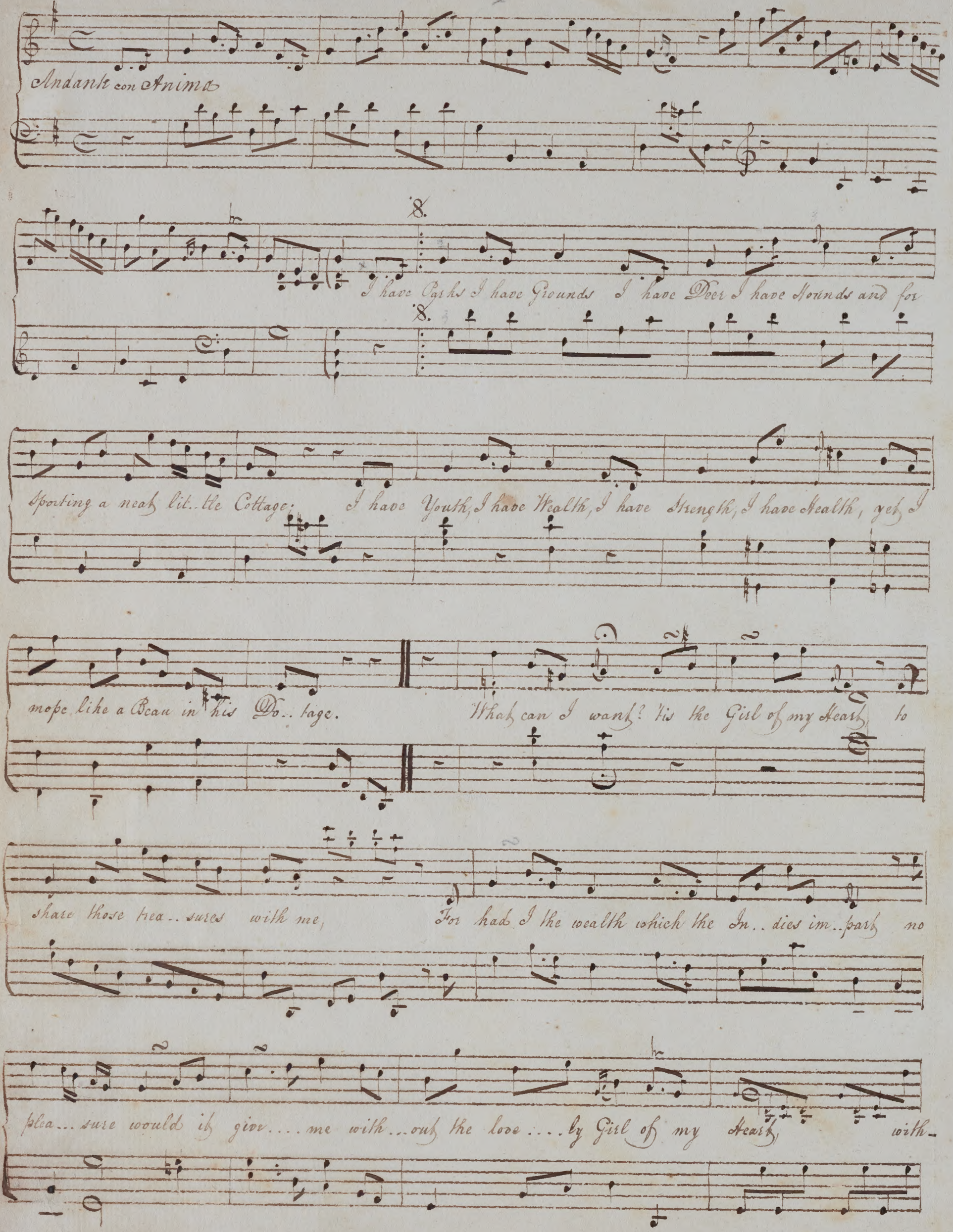
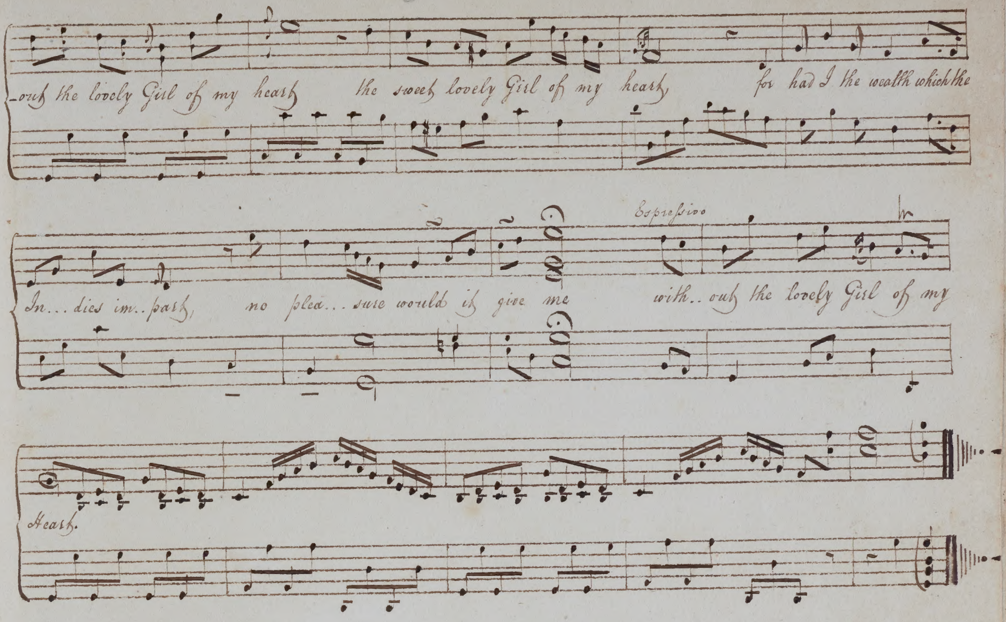
THE LIBRARY
OF THE
ESSEX INSTITUTE

PRESENTED BY
Mrs. Francis H. Lee
Received Apr. 24, 1916.

The Girl of my Heart a favorite Ballad, sung by Incledon. Shield

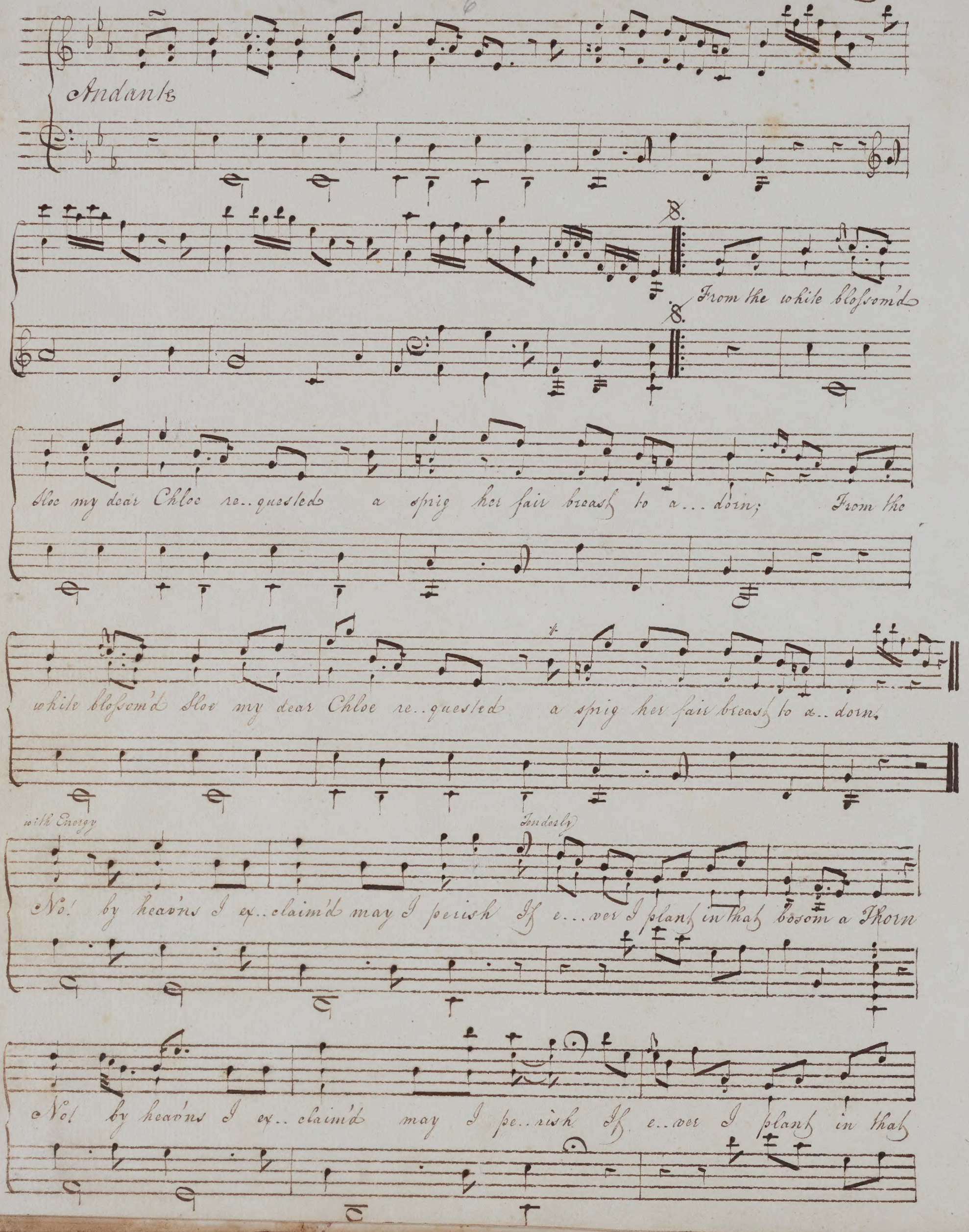

Andante con Anima
8.
I have Parks I have Grounds I have Deer I have Hounds and for
8.
Sporting a neat lit..tle Cottage; I have Youth, I have Wealth, I have Strength, I have Health, yet I
mope like a Beau in his Do..tage.
What can I want? 'tis the Girl of my Heart to
share those trea..sures with me,
For had I the wealth which the In..dies im..part no
plea...sure would it give....me with...out the love....ly Girl of my Heart with-

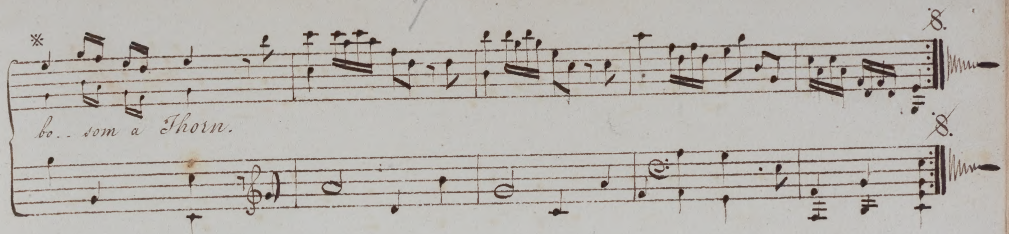

-out the lovely Girl of my heart the sweet lovely Girl of my heart, for had I the wealth which the
In...dies im..part, no plea...sure would it give me with..out the lovely Girl of my
Espreſsivo
Heart.

2.

My Domain far extends, and sustains social Friends
Who make Music divinely enchanting;
We have Balls, we have Plays, we have Routs, Public Days
Espreſsivo* *And yet still I feel something wanting.
What should it be? but the Girl of my heart
To share those treasures with me;
And had I the wealth which the Indies impart,
No pleasure would it give me
Without the lovely Girl of my heart.
Then give me the Girl of my heart,
The sweet lovely Girl of my heart,
For what is the wealth which the Indies impart,
Compar'd to the Girl of your heart,
Then give me the Girl of my heart.—

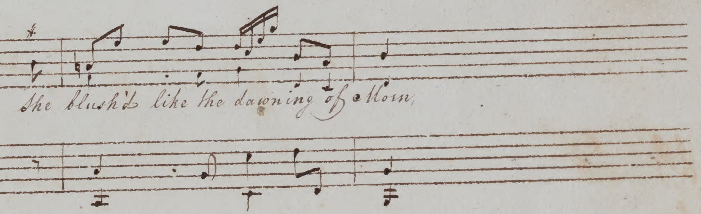
The Thorn, sung by Mr. Incledon at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden

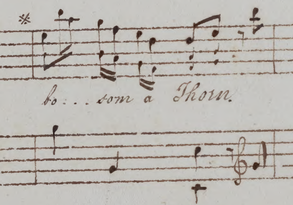

Andante
From the white blossom'd
Sloe my dear Chloe re..quested a sprig her fair breast to a...dorn; From the
white blossom'd Sloe my dear Chloe re..quested a sprig her fair breast to a..dorn.
with Energy
Tenderly
No! by heav'ns I ex..claim'd may I perish If e...ver I plant in that bosom a Thorn
No! by heav'ns I ex..claim'd may I pe..rish If e..ver I plant in that


bo..som a Thorn.

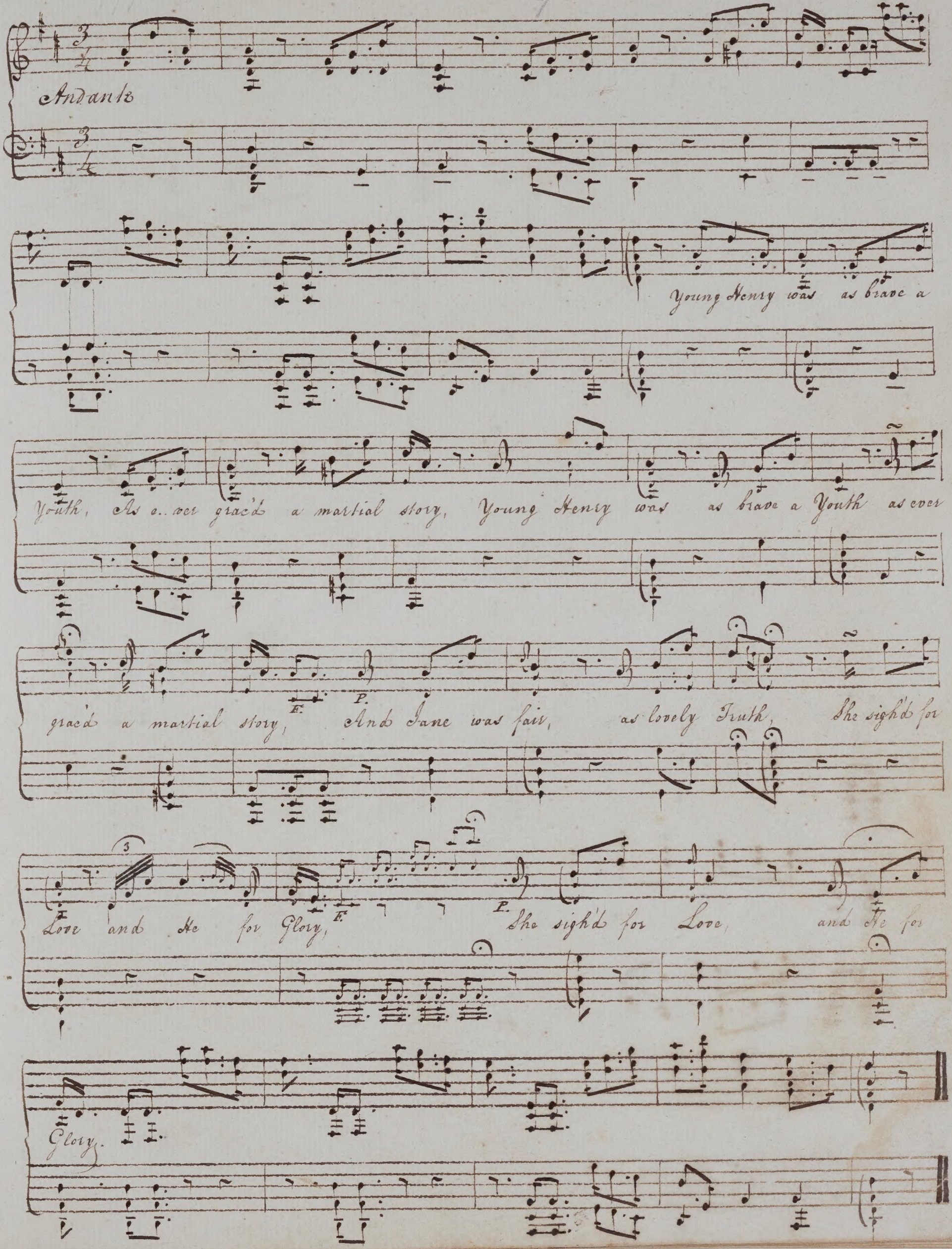
2d

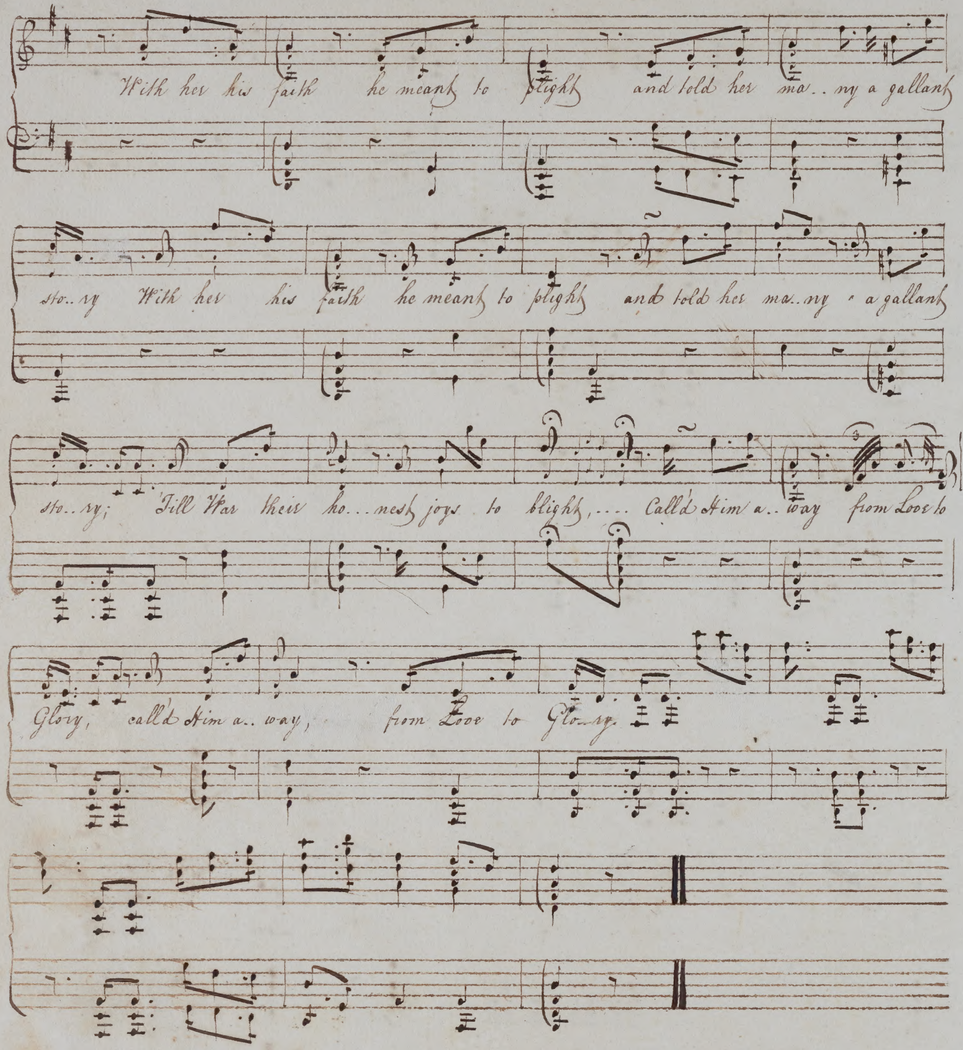
Then I shew'd her a ring and implor'd her to marry
She blush'd like the dawning of morn;
Yes I'll consent, she reply'd if you'll promise
That no jealous Rival shall laugh me to scorn;
No by heav'ns I exclaim'd may I perish
If ever I plant in that Bosom a Thorn.

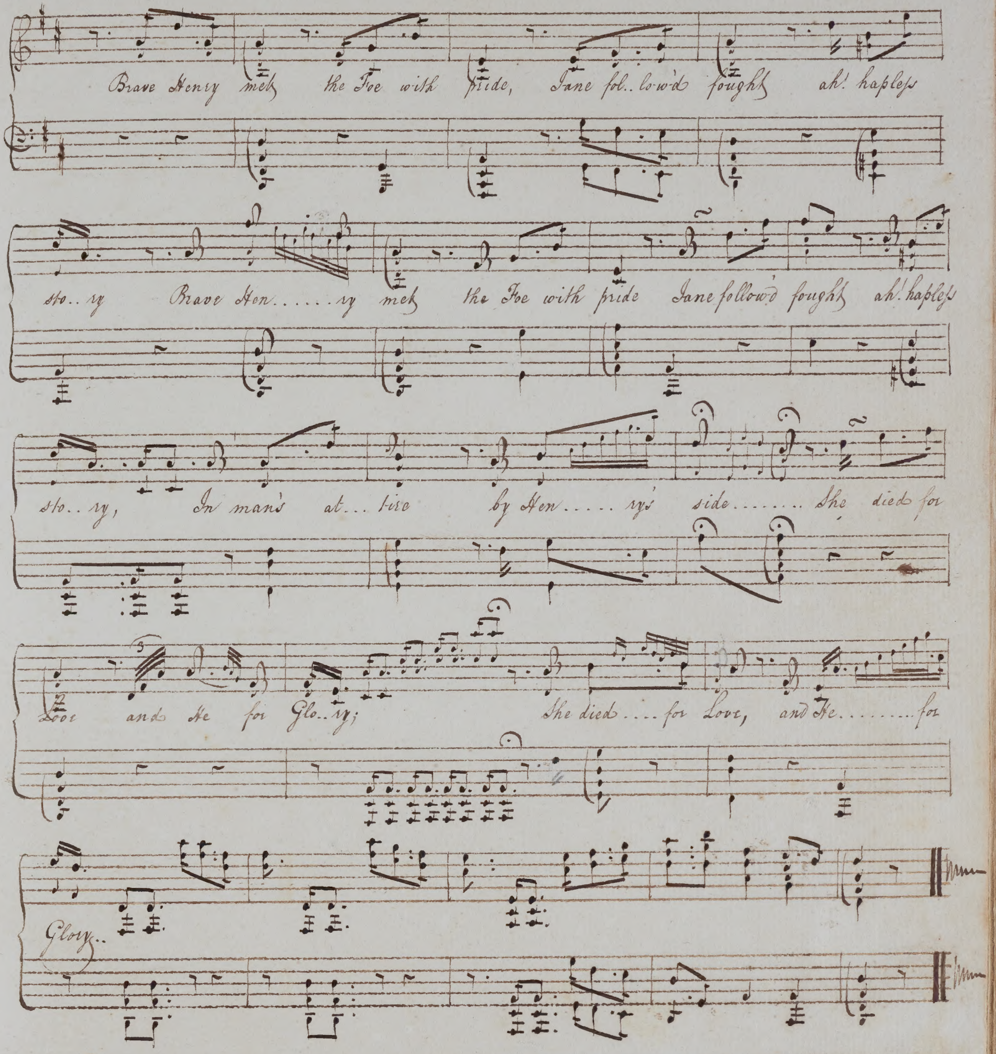

She blush'd like the dawning of Morn,


bo...som a Thorn.

Love and Glory; from the Comic Opera of the English Fleet

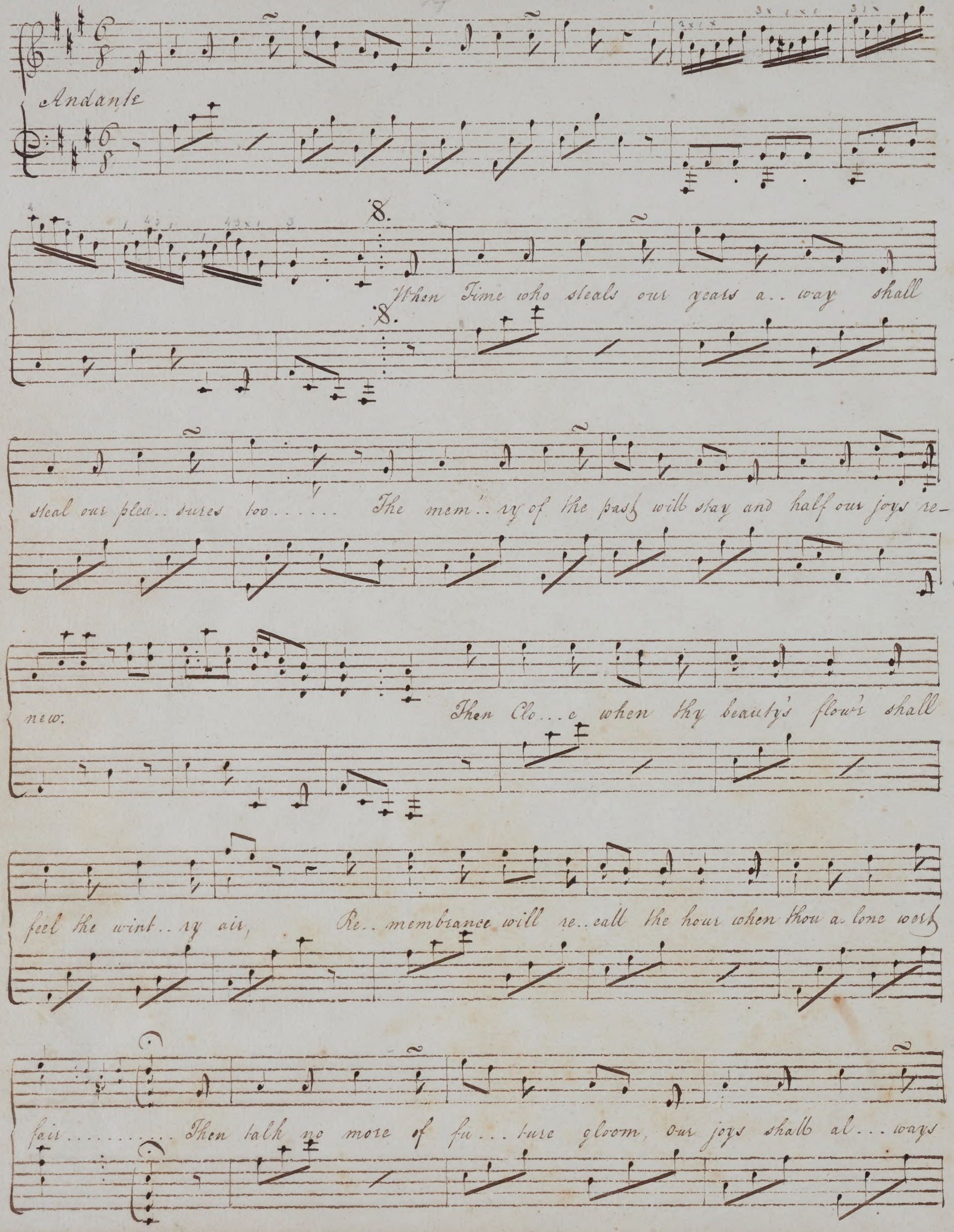

Andante
Young Henry was as brave a
Youth, As e..ver grac'd a martial story, Young Henry was as brave a Youth as ever
grac'd a martial story, F. P. And Jane was fair, as lovely Truth, She sigh'd for
Love and He for Glory, F. P. She sigh'd for Love, and He for
Glory.

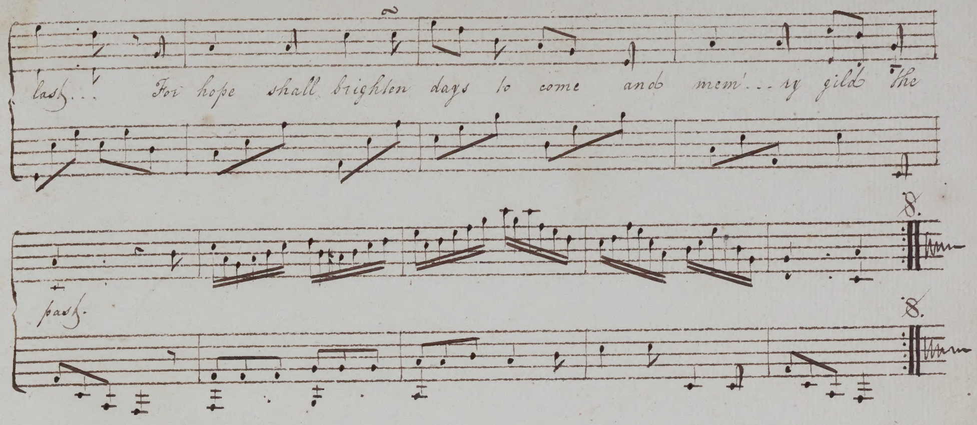

With her his faith he meant to slight and told her ma..ny a gallant
sto..ry With her his faith he meant to slight and told her ma..ny a gallant
sto..ry; Till War their ho...nest joys to blight,.... Call'd Him a..way from Love to
Glory, call'd Him a..way, from Love to Glo..ry.


Brave Henry met the Foe with pride, Jane fol..low'd fought ah! hapless
sto..ry Brave Hen......ry met the Foe with pride Jane follow'd fought ah! hapless
sto..ry, In man's at..tire by Hen.....ry's side....... She died for
Love and He for Glo..ry; She died.... for Love, and He........for
Glory..

When Time who steals our years away

by Anacreon Moor


Andante
8.
When Time who steals our years a.. way shall
steal our plea.. sures too...... The mem'..ry of the past will stay and half our joys re-
new. Then Clo...e when thy beauty's flow'r shall
feel the wint..ry air, Re..membrance will re..call the hour when thou a.. lone wert
fair......... Then talk no more of fu...ture gloom, our joys shall al...ways


last.. For hope shall brighten days to come and mem'...ry gild the
past.
8.

2,

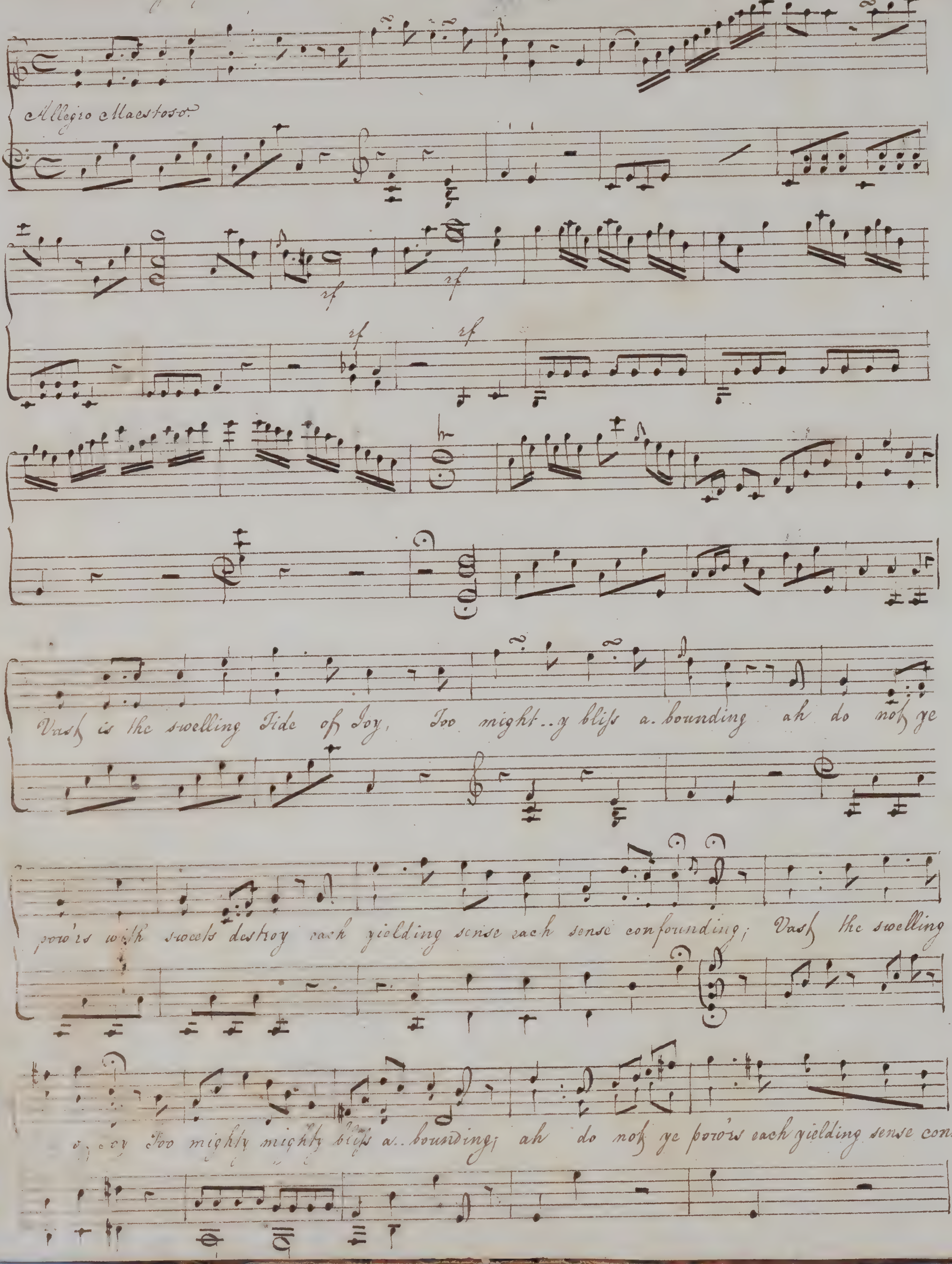
Come Cloe fill the genial bowl,
I drink to Love and thee;
Thou never can'st decay in Soul,
Thou'lt still be young to me.
And as thy lips the tear-drop chase,
Which on my cheek they find;
So hope shall steal away the trace
Which sorrow leaves behind.
Then fill the bowl away with gloom
Our joys &c.ª

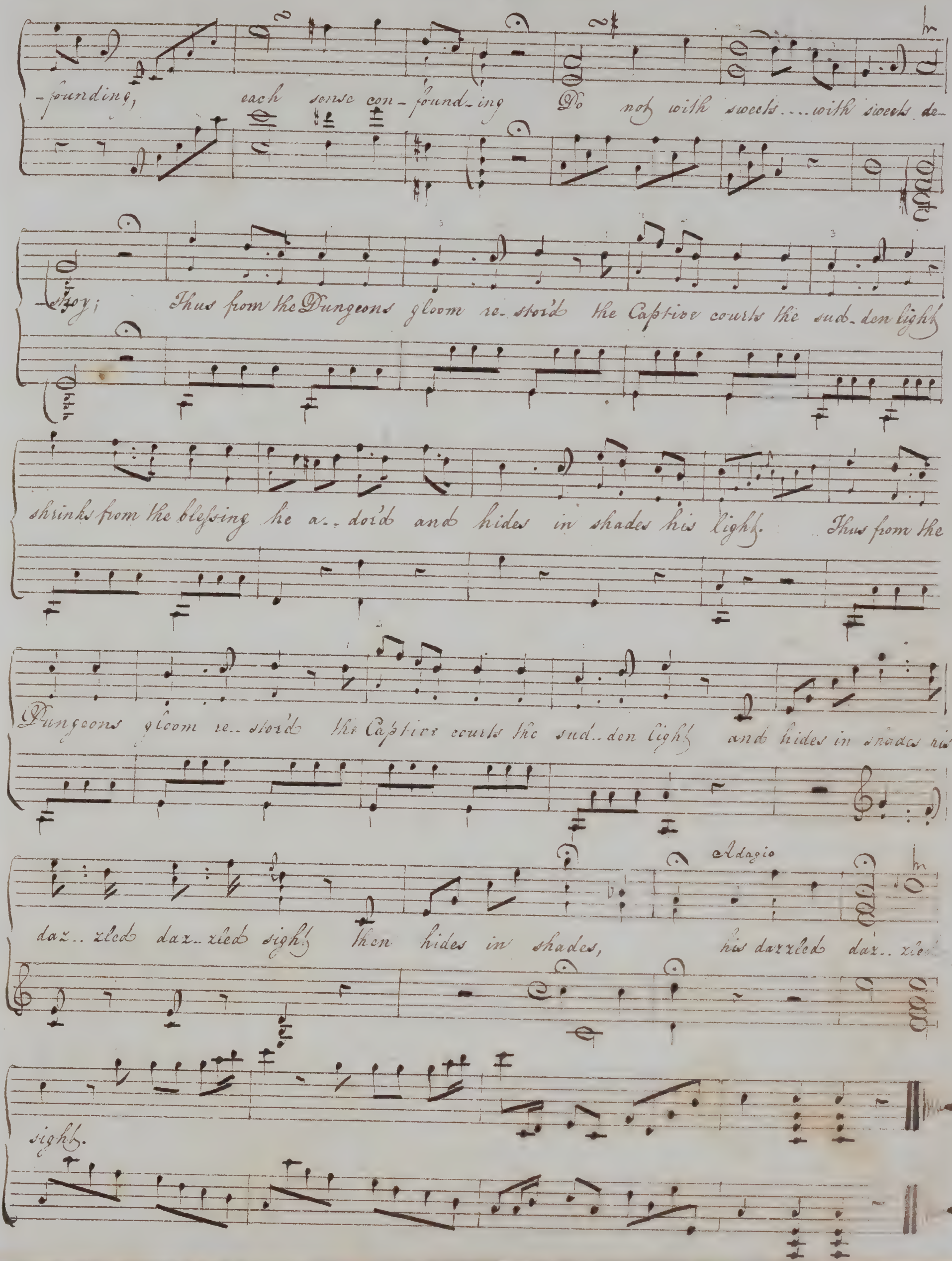
3,

But mark, at thought of future years,
When love shall lose its Soul;
My Cloe drops her timid tears
They mingle with the bowl.
How like this bowl of wine my fair,
Our loving life shall fleet;
Tho' tears may sometimes mingle there,
The draught will still be sweet.
Then fill the bowl away with gloom
Our joys &c.ª

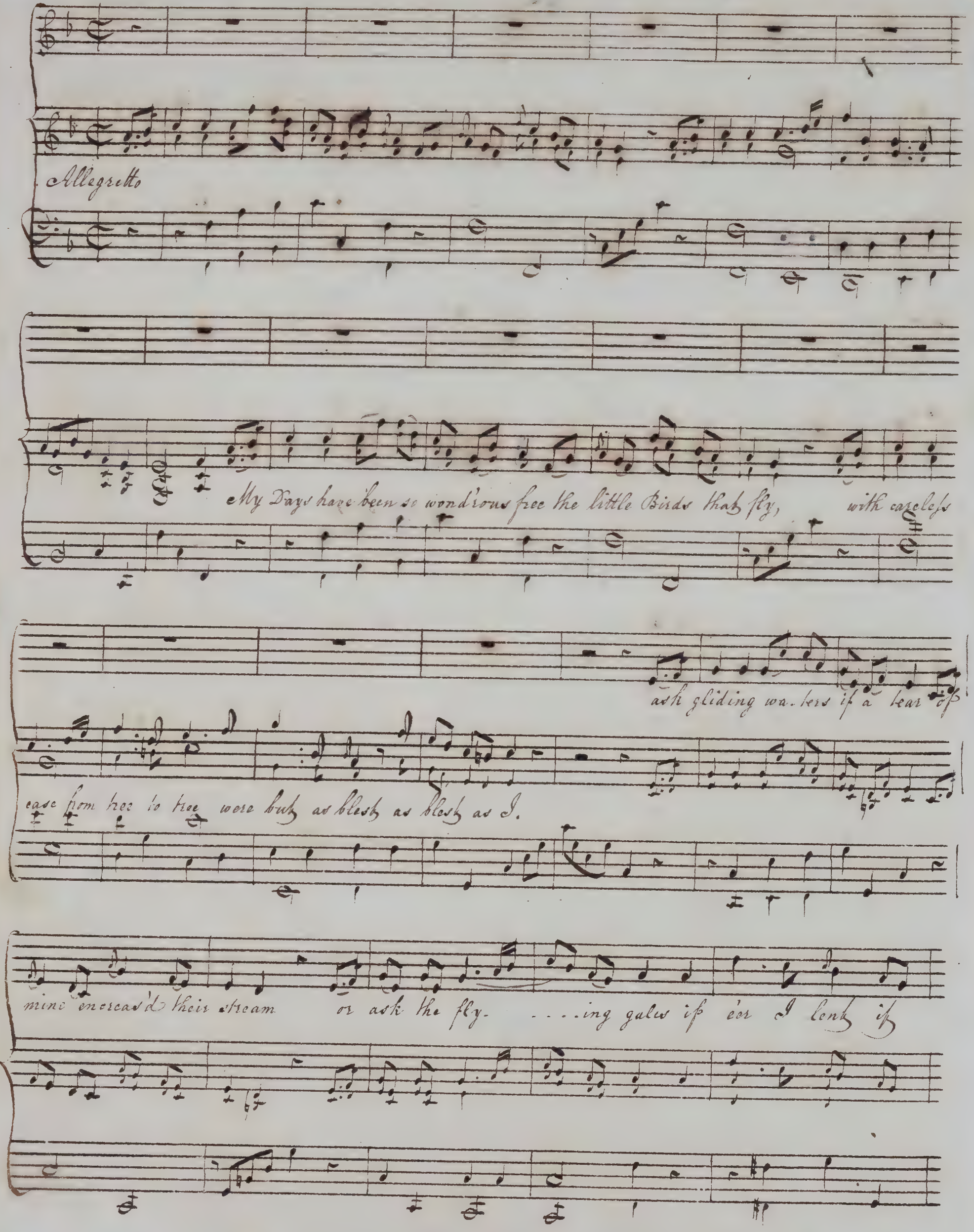
The 2d. of Drink

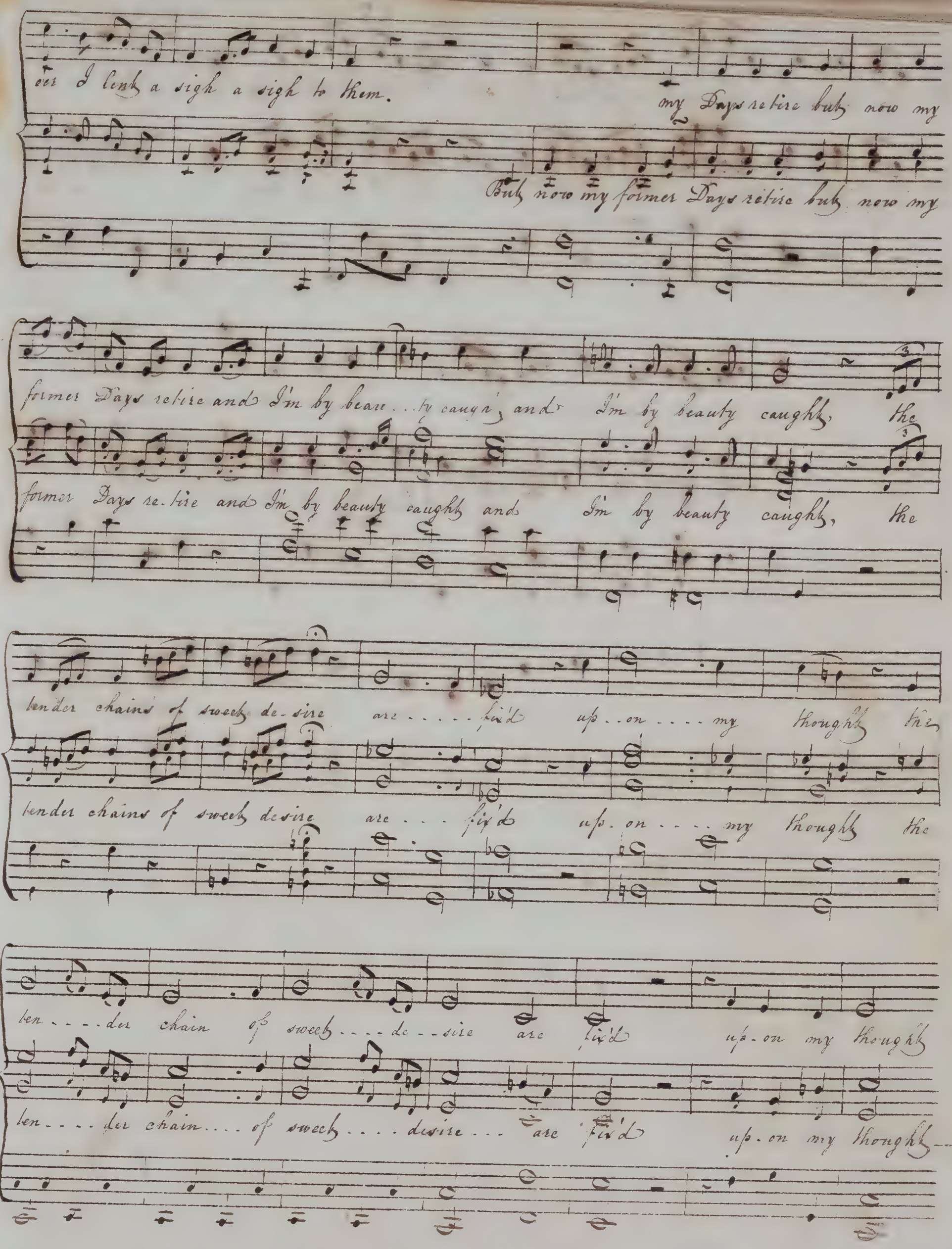
Sung by Mr. Incledon in the Opera of Paul & Virginia. by Mazzingh

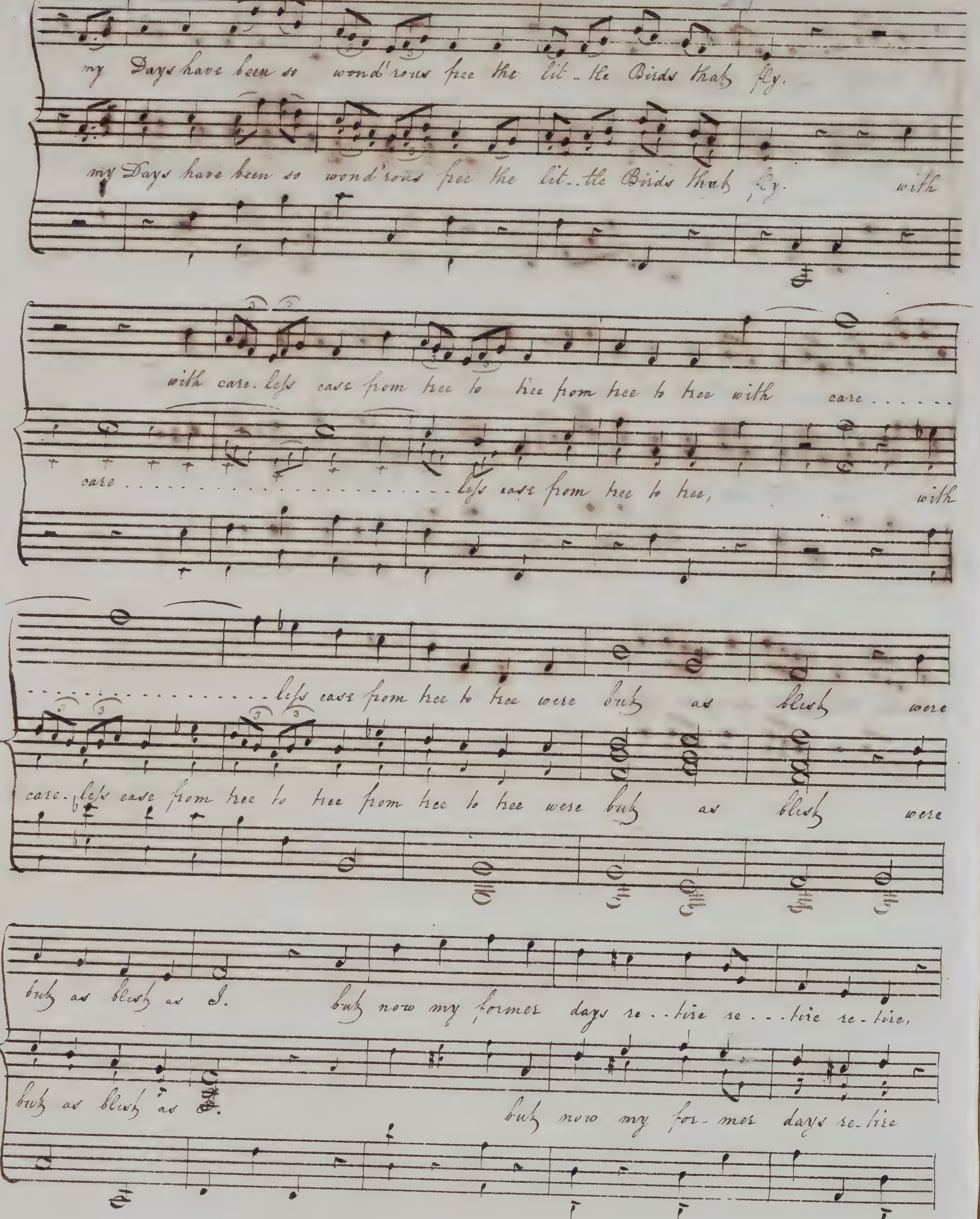

Allegro Maestoso
Vast is the swelling Tide of Joy, Too might..y bliss a..bounding ah do not ye
pow'rs with sweets destroy each yielding sense each sense confounding; Vast the swelling
Joy Too mighty mighty bliss a..bounding; ah do not ye pow'rs each yielding sense con..

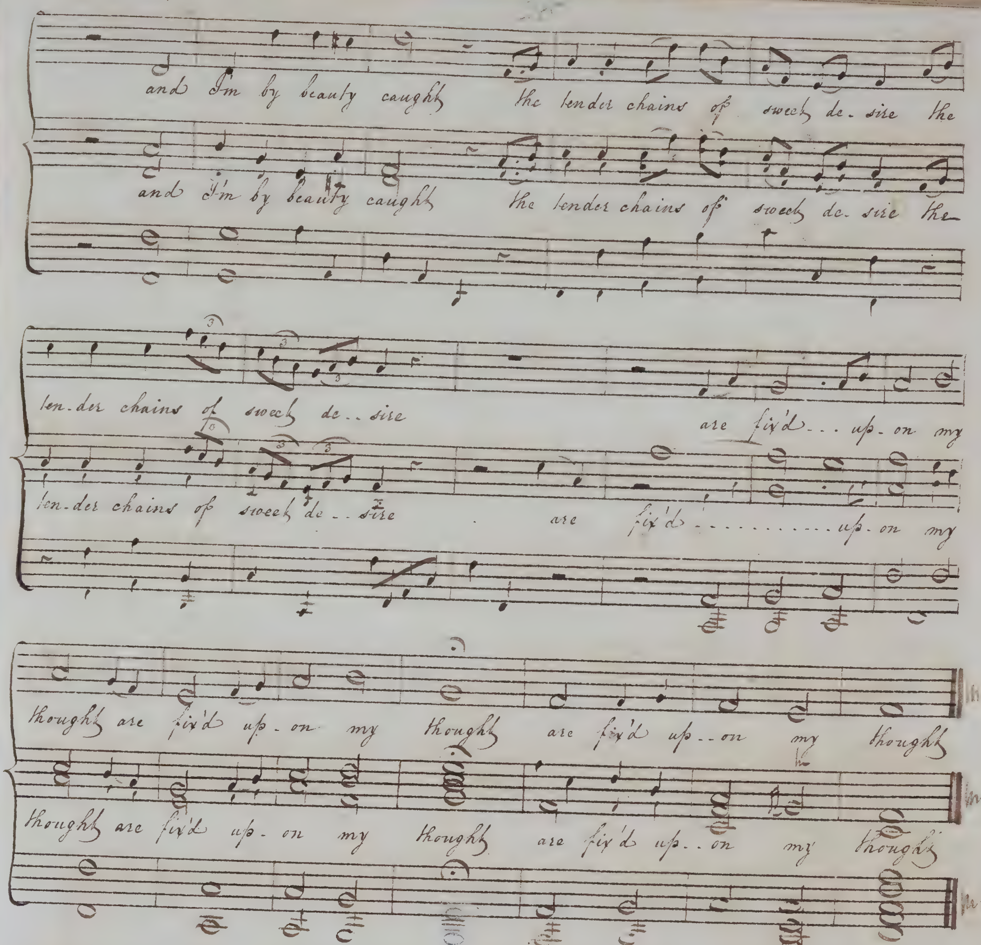

-founding, each sense con-found-ing Do not with sweets....with sweets de-
-stroy; Thus from the Dungeons gloom re..stor'd the Captive courts the sud..den light
shrinks from the blessing he a..dor'd and hides in shades his light. Thus from the
Dungeons gloom re..stor'd the Captive courts the sud..den light and hides in shades his
Adagio
daz..zled daz..zled sight then hides in shades, his dazzled daz..zled
sight.

by Doctor Parsons

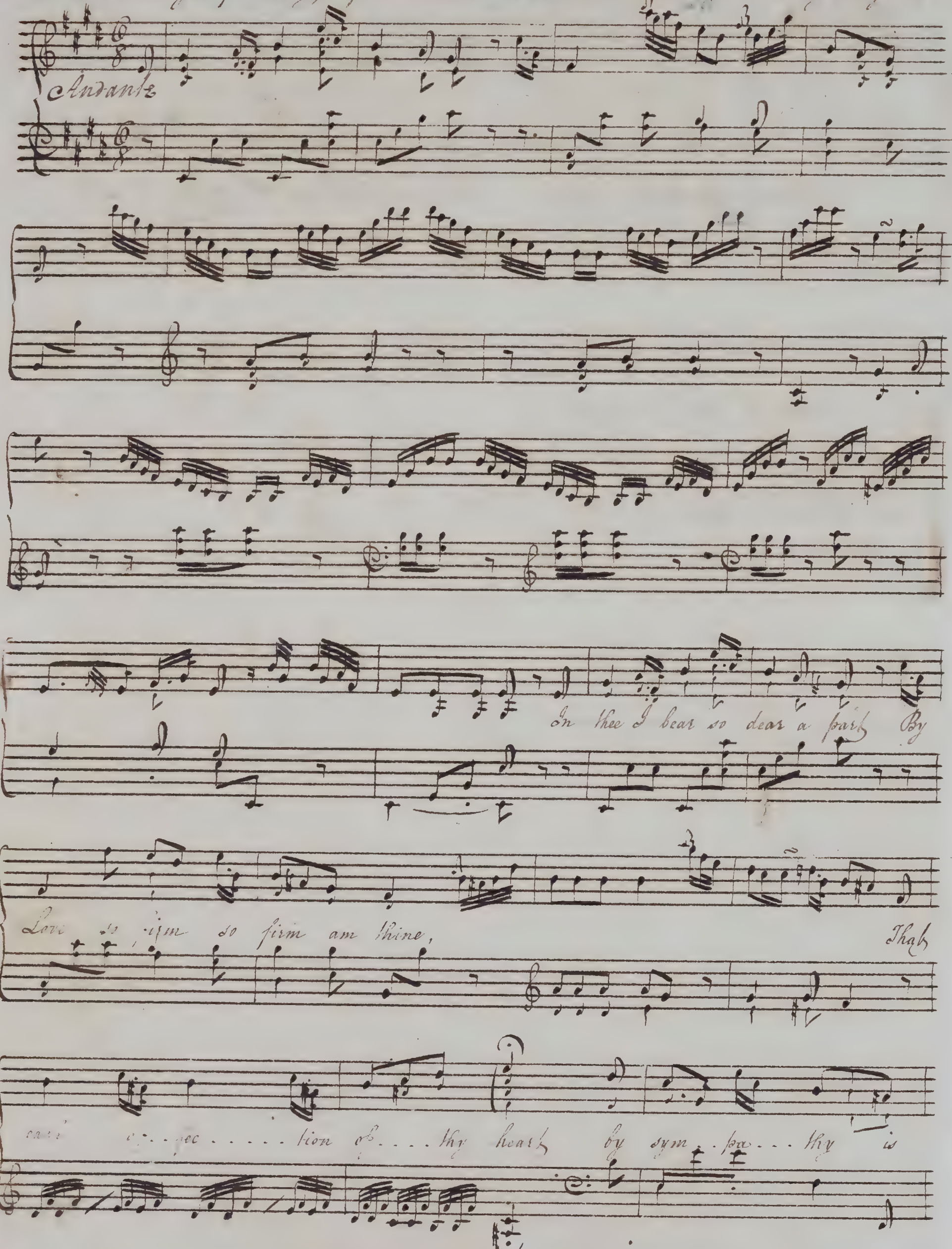

Allegretto
My Days have been so wond'rous free the little Birds that fly, with careless
ease from tree to tree were but as blest as blest as I.
ask gliding wa..ters if a tear of
mine encreas'd their stream or ask the fly....ing gales if e'er I lent a

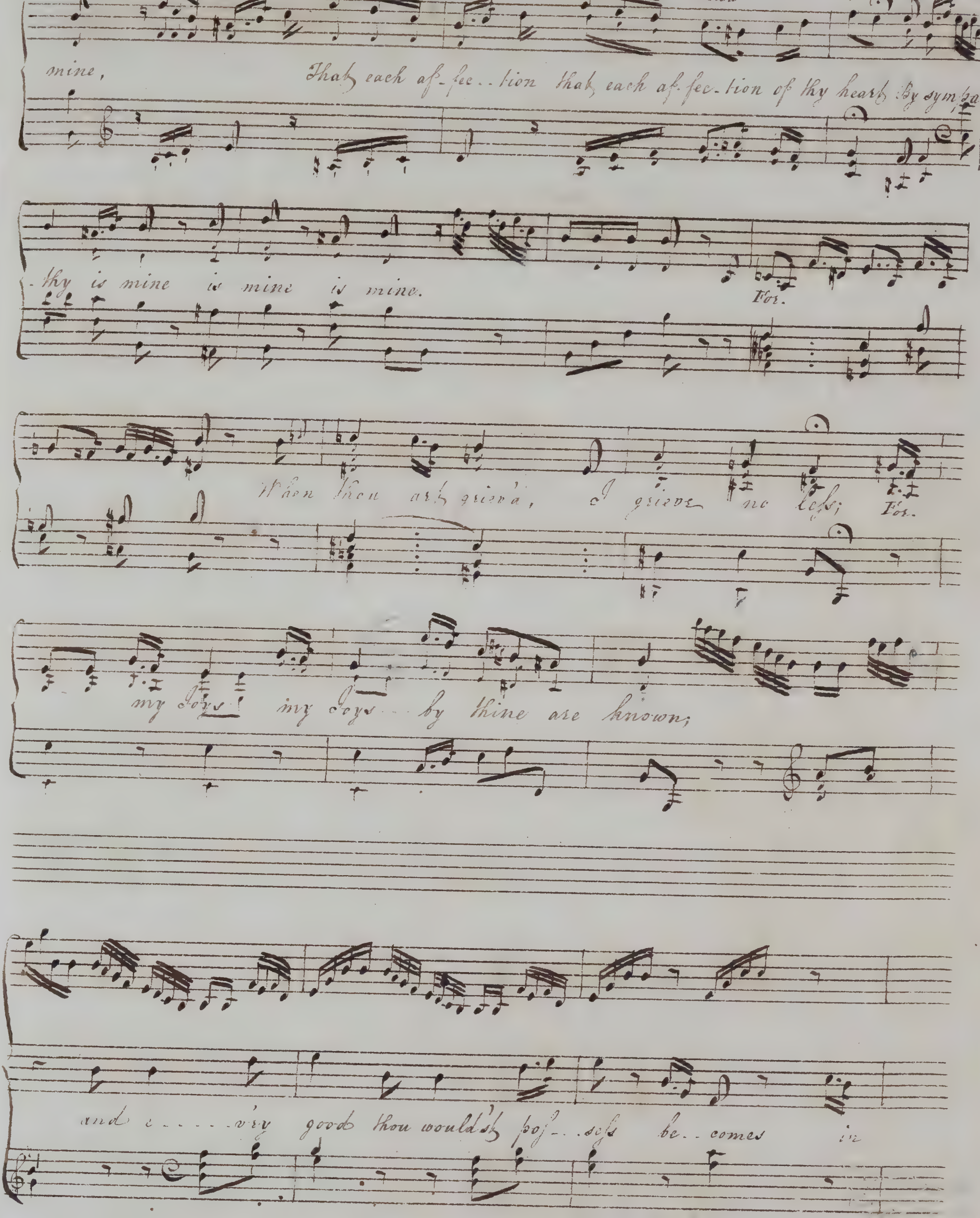

e'er I lent a sigh a sigh to them.
my Days retire but now my
But now my former Days retire but now my
former Days retire and I'm by beau...ty caught, and I'm by beauty caught, the
former Days re-tire and I'm by beauty caught and I'm by beauty caught, the
tender chains of sweet de-sire are.....fix'd up..on....my thought the
tender chains of sweet desire are...fix'd up-on....my thought the
ten....der chain of sweet....de..sire are fix'd up-on my thought
ten....der chain....of sweet....desire...are fix'd up-on my thought


my Days have been so wond'rous free the lit_tle Birds that fly.
my Days have been so wond'rous free the lit_tle Birds that fly. with
with care. less ease from tree to tree from tree to tree with care......
care..........................less ease from tree to tree, with
..................less ease from tree to tree were but as blest were
care. less ease from tree to tree from tree to tree were but as blest were
but as blest as I. but now my former days re..tire re...tire re-tire.
but as blest as I. but now my for-mer days re-tire

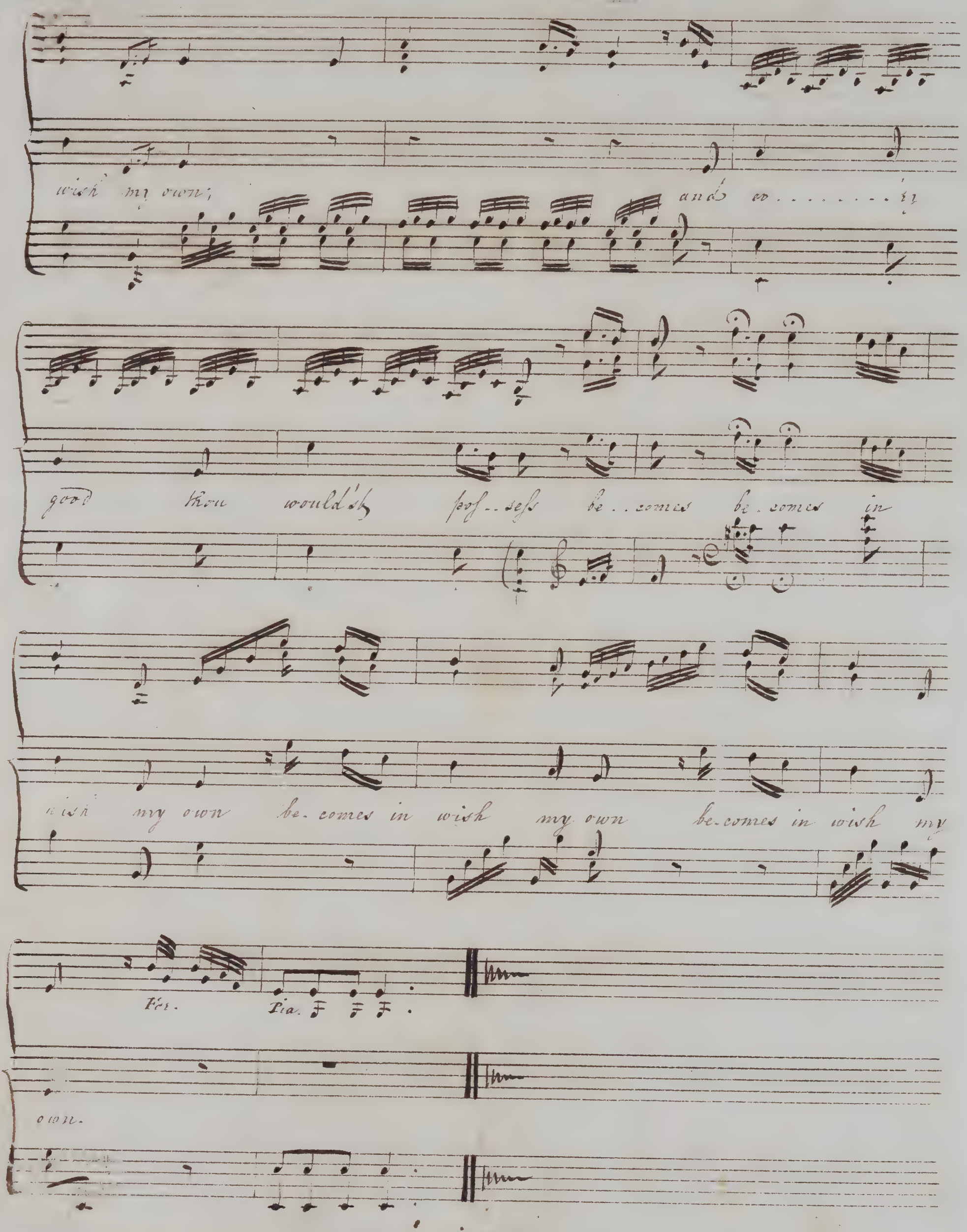

and I'm by beauty caught the tender chains of sweet de-sire the
and I'm by beauty caught the tender chains of sweet de-sire the
ten.der chains of sweet de..sire are fix'd... up-on my
ten.der chains of sweet de..sire are fix'd..........up-on my
thought are fix'd up-on my thought are fix'd up...on my thought
thought are fix'd up-on my thought are fix'd up...on my thought

Sympathy, a favorite Canzonetta by Haydn.


Andante
In thee I bear so dear a part By
Love so firm so firm am thine, That
each af-fec-tion of thy heart by sym-pa-thy is


mine, That each af-fec-tion that each af-fec-tion of thy heart By sym-pa-
Slow
-thy is mine is mine is mine. For.
When thou art griev'd, I grieve no less; For.
my Joys! my Joys by thine are known;
and e-very good thou would'st pos-sess be-comes in

Volti

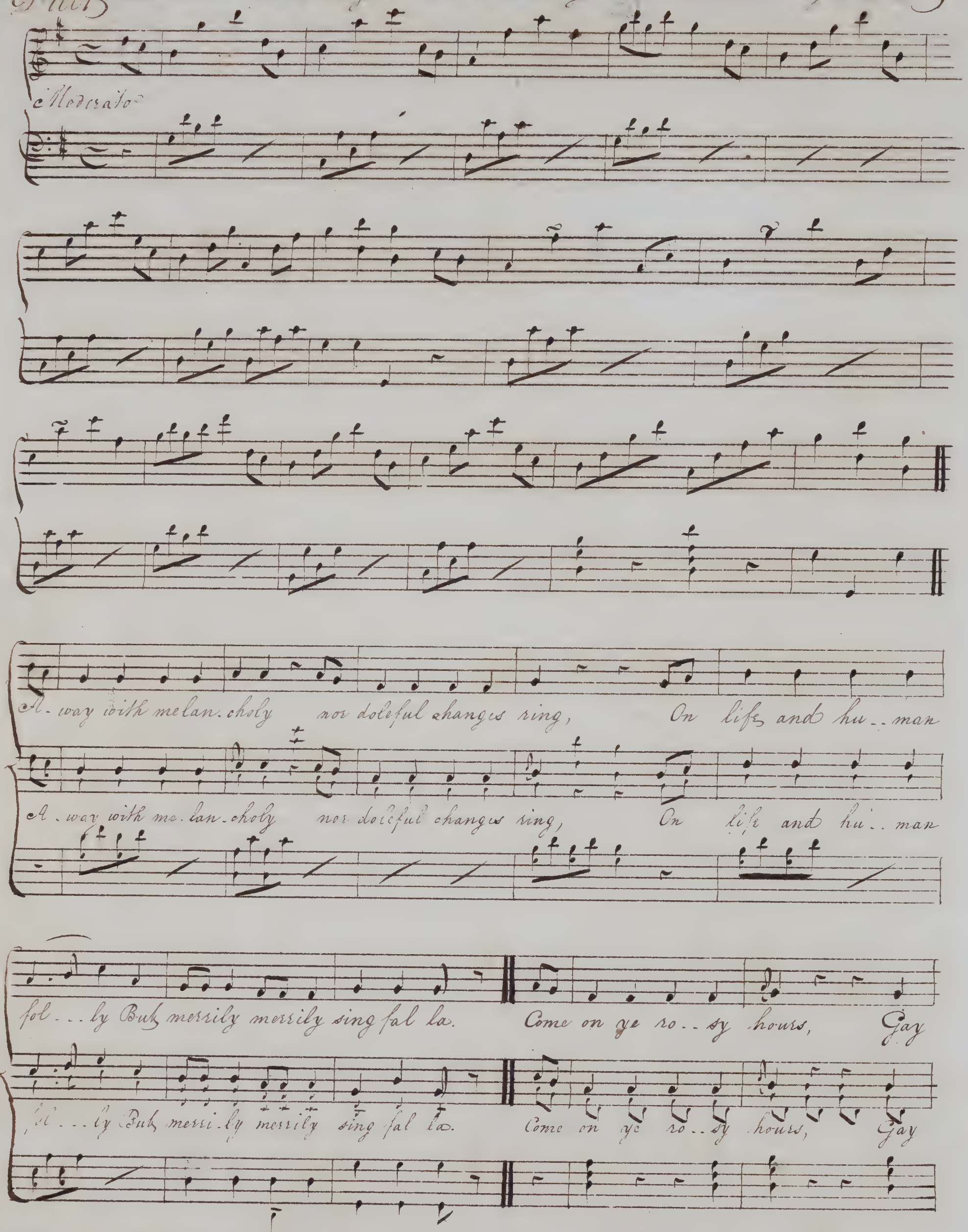

wish my own, and so........
good thou would'st poſs..eſs be..comes be.comes in
wish my own be.comes in wish my own be.comes in wish my
For.
Pia.
own.

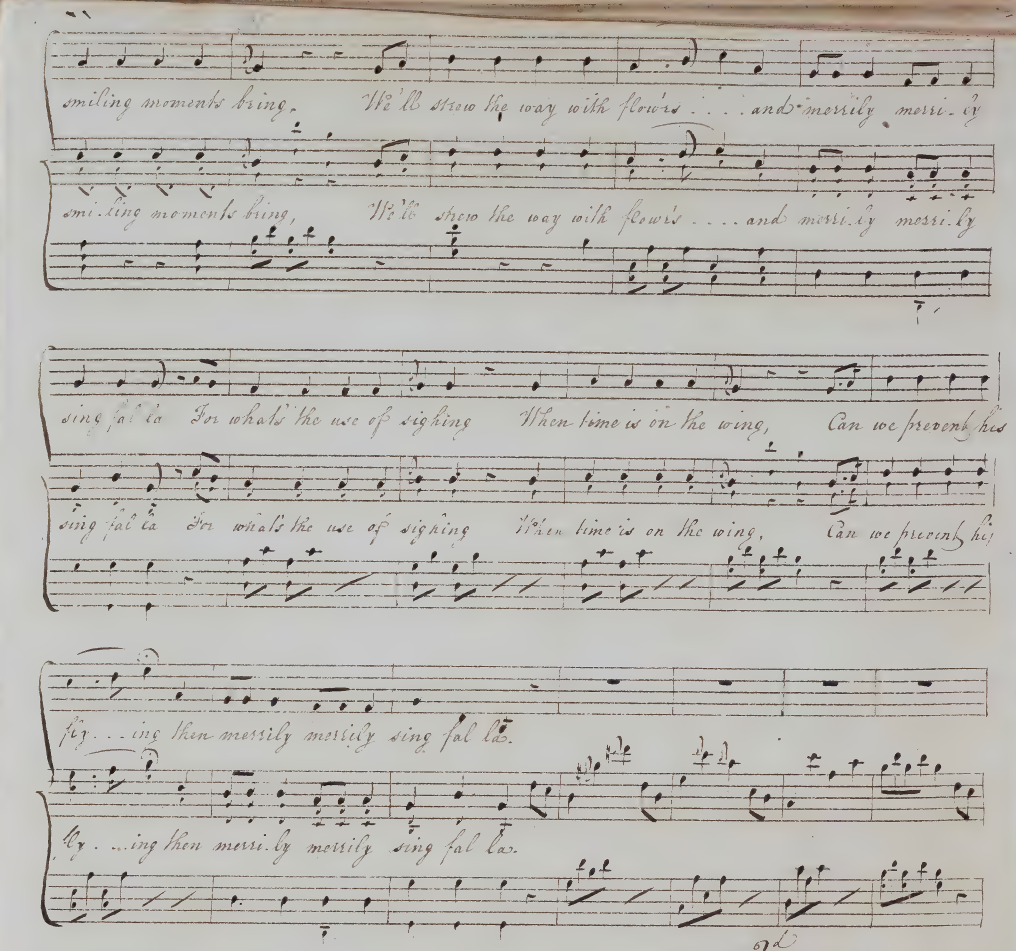
Flute

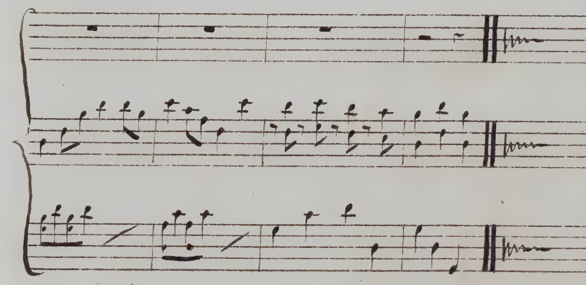
Away with Melancholy

by Mozart

Moderato


A. way with melan. choly nor doleful changes ring, On life and hu.. man
A. way with me. lan. choly nor doleful changes ring, On life and hu.. man
fol... ly But merrily merrily sing fal la. Come on ye ro.. sy hours, Gay
fol... ly But merri. ly merrily sing fal la. Come on ye ro.. sy hours, Gay

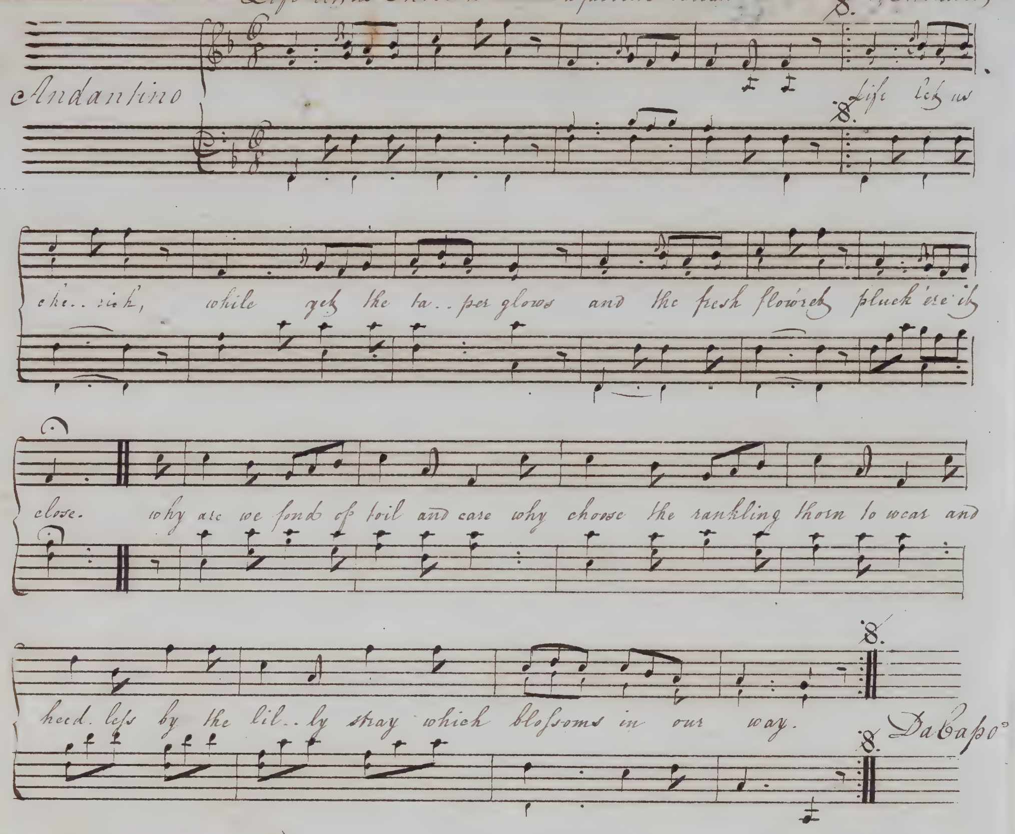

smiling moments bring, We'll strew the way with flowers .... and merrily merri. ly
smi. ling moments bring, We'll strew the way with flowers .... and merri. ly merri. ly
sing fal la For what's the use of sighing When time is on the wing, Can we prevent his
sing fal la For what's the use of sighing When time is on the wing, Can we prevent his
fly... ing then merrily merrily sing fal la.
fly... ing then merri. ly merrily sing fal la.



2d

Fly fly dull melancholy
Let sprightly mirth come in
Desponding is a folly
Then cherrily cherrily sing fa la.
Come Joyous sounds prepare
To Let the saddest fling
Let others pine thro' care
We'll cherrily cherrily sing fa la;
Why droops the Man with sorrow
Since Life's a tender string
That breaks before to morrow,
Then cherrily cherrily sing fa la.—

Life let us Cherish —— a favorite Ballad



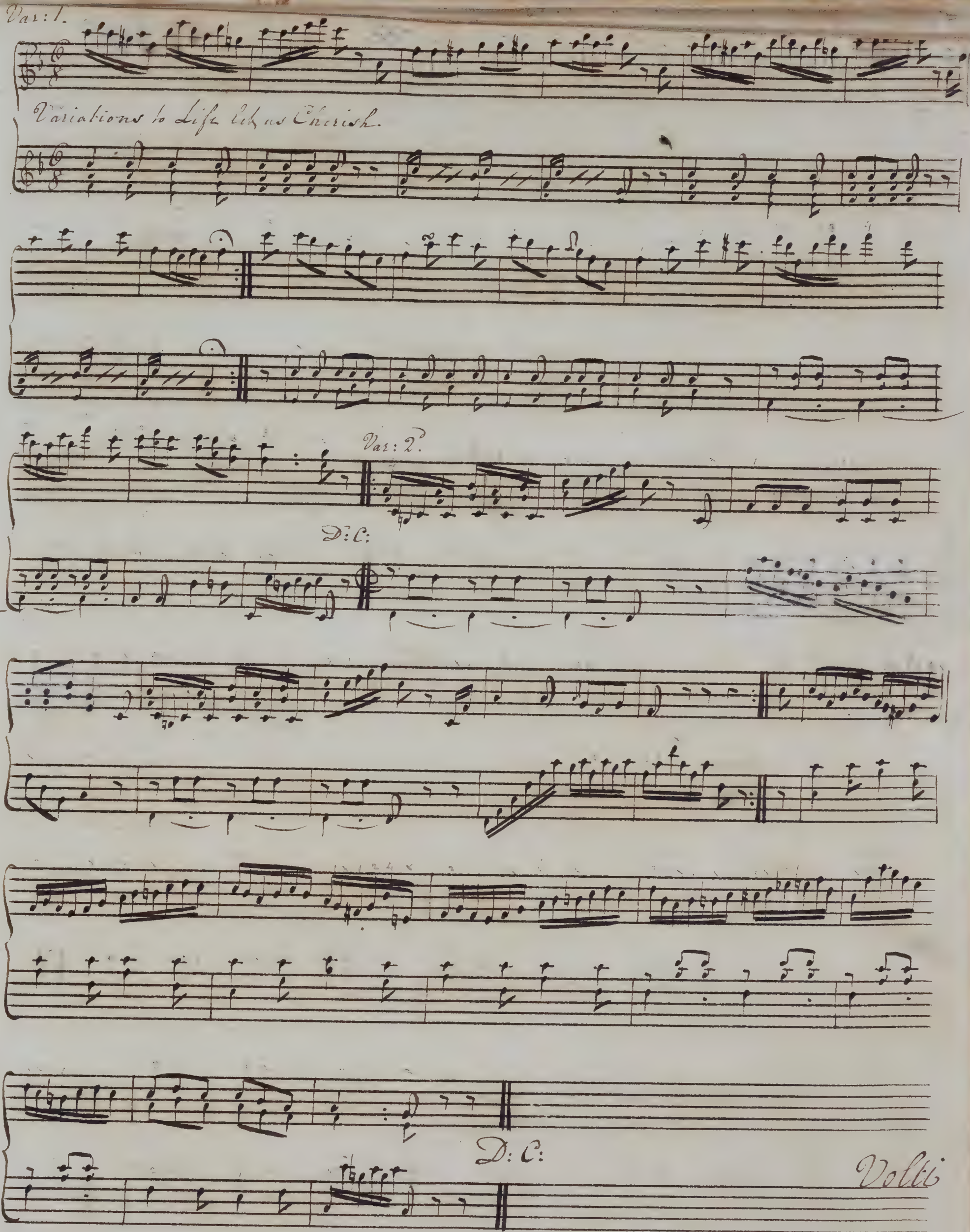
Andantino
Life let us
Life let us
che..rish, while yet the ta..per glows and the fresh flow'ret pluck ere it
close. why are we fond of toil and care why chuse the rankling thorn to wear and
heed.less by the lil..ly stray which blossoms in our way.
Da Capo

2.d
When clouds obscure the atmosphere
And forked lightnings rend the Air
The Sun resumes his silver crest
And smiles adown the west.

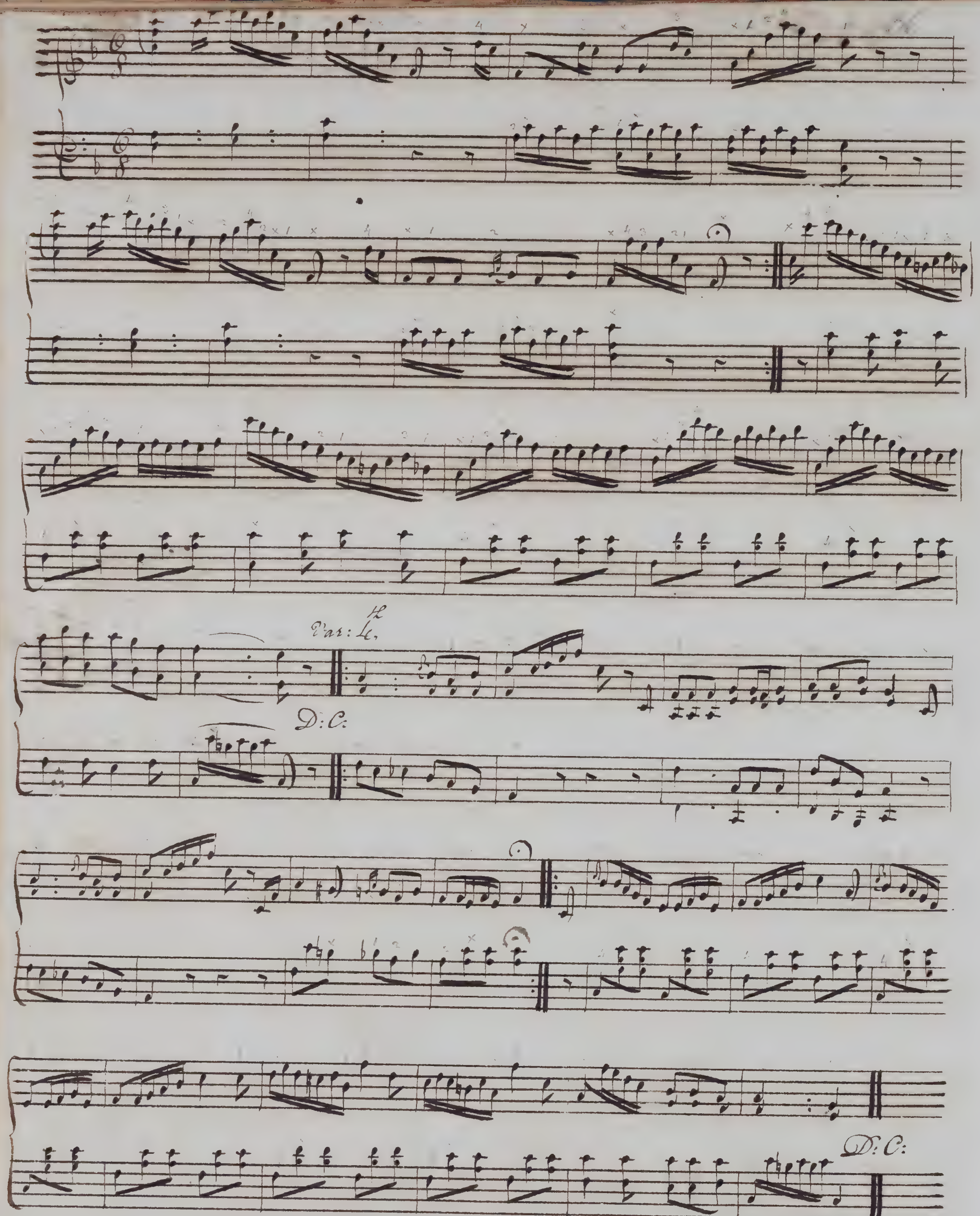
3.d
The genial seasons soon are o'er
Then let us ere we quit this shore
Contentment seek, it is lifes rest
The sunshine of the breast.

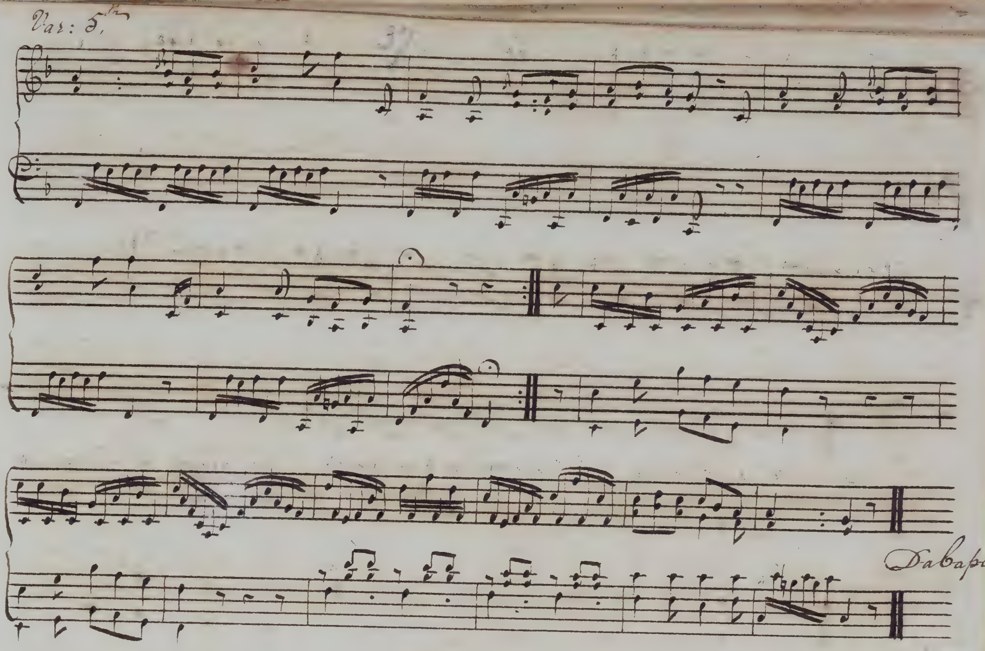
4.th
Away with every toil and care
And cease the rankling thorn to wear
With manful hearts life's conflict meet
Till death sounds the retreat.—

Variations to Life let us Cherish.

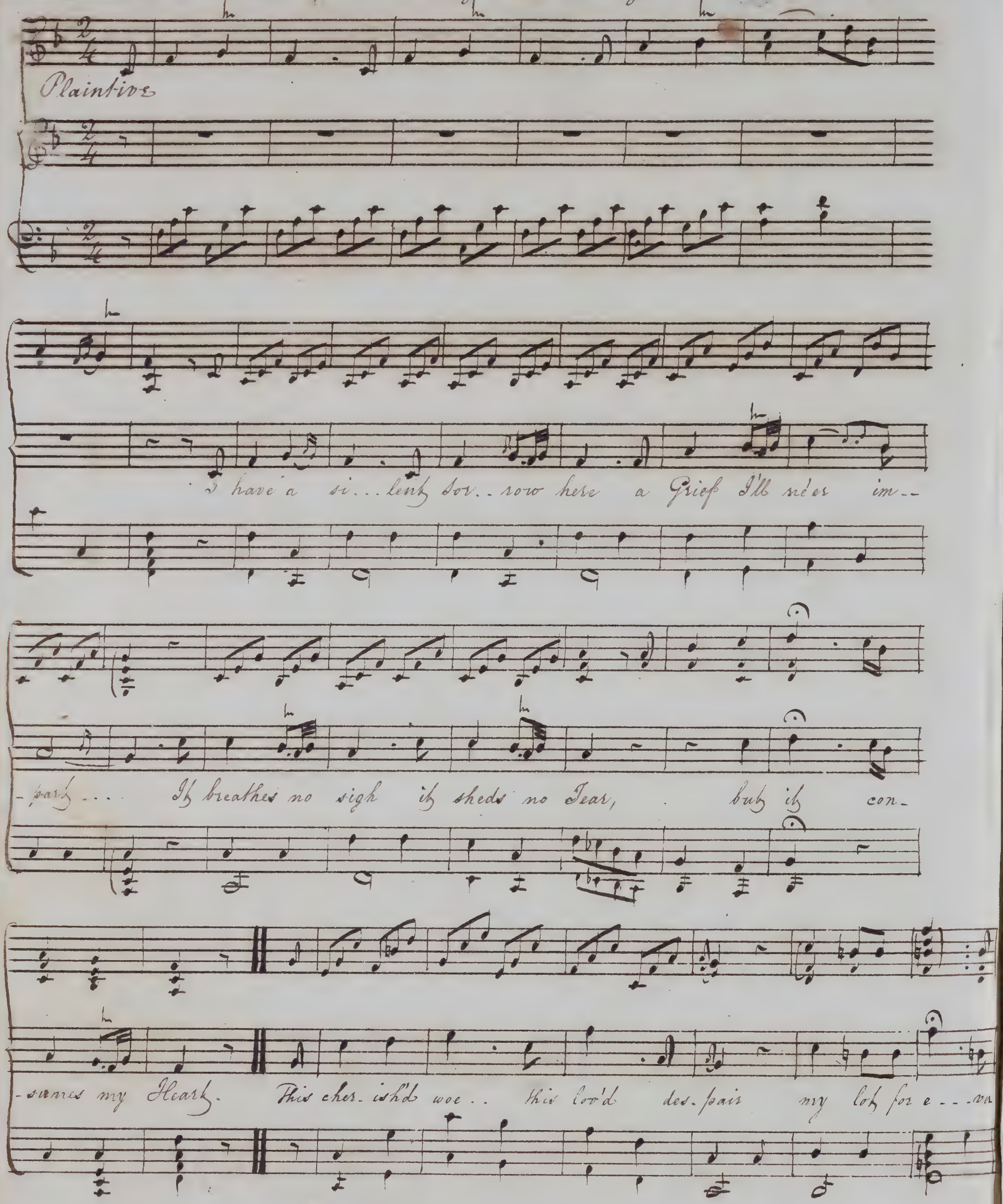


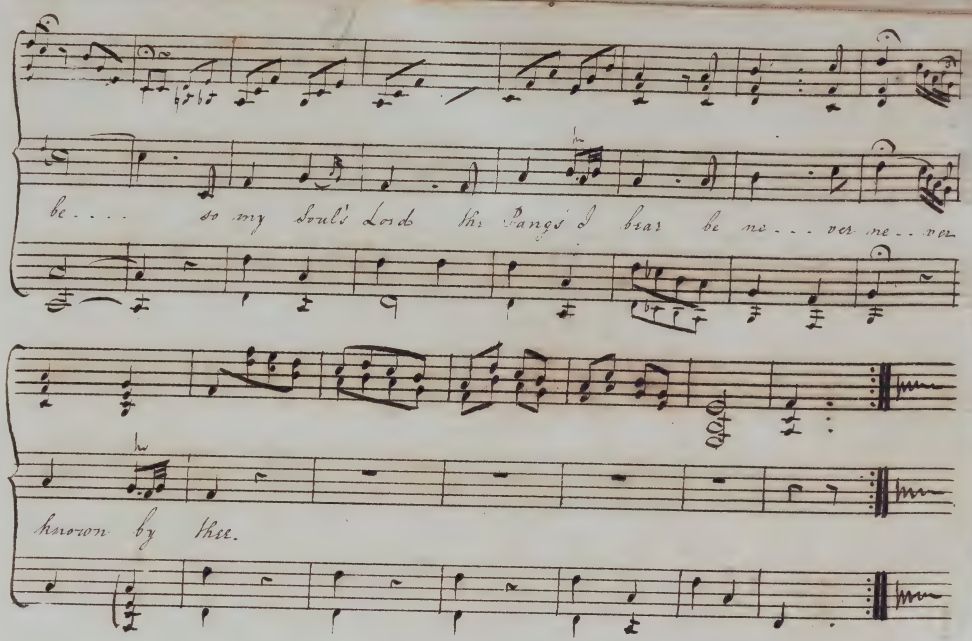
Var: 1.
Var: 2.
D: C:
D: C:
Volti


Var: 4.
D:C:
D:C:


Var: 5.
Dacapo

The favorite Song in the Stranger.


Plaintive
I have a si...lent sor..row here a Grief I'll ne'er im--
-part.... It breathes no sigh it sheds no Tear, but it con-
-sumes my Heart. This cher-ish'd woe.. this lov'd des-pair my lot for e...ver

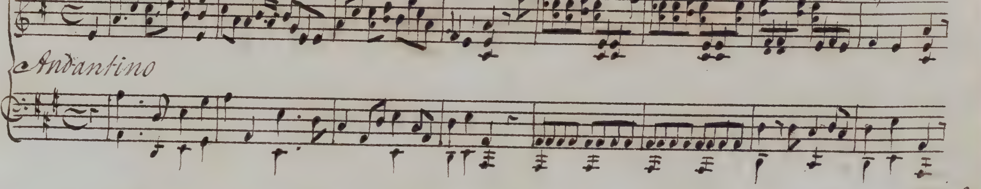

be.... so my Soul's Lord the Pangs I bear be ne...ver ne..ver
known by thee.

2d

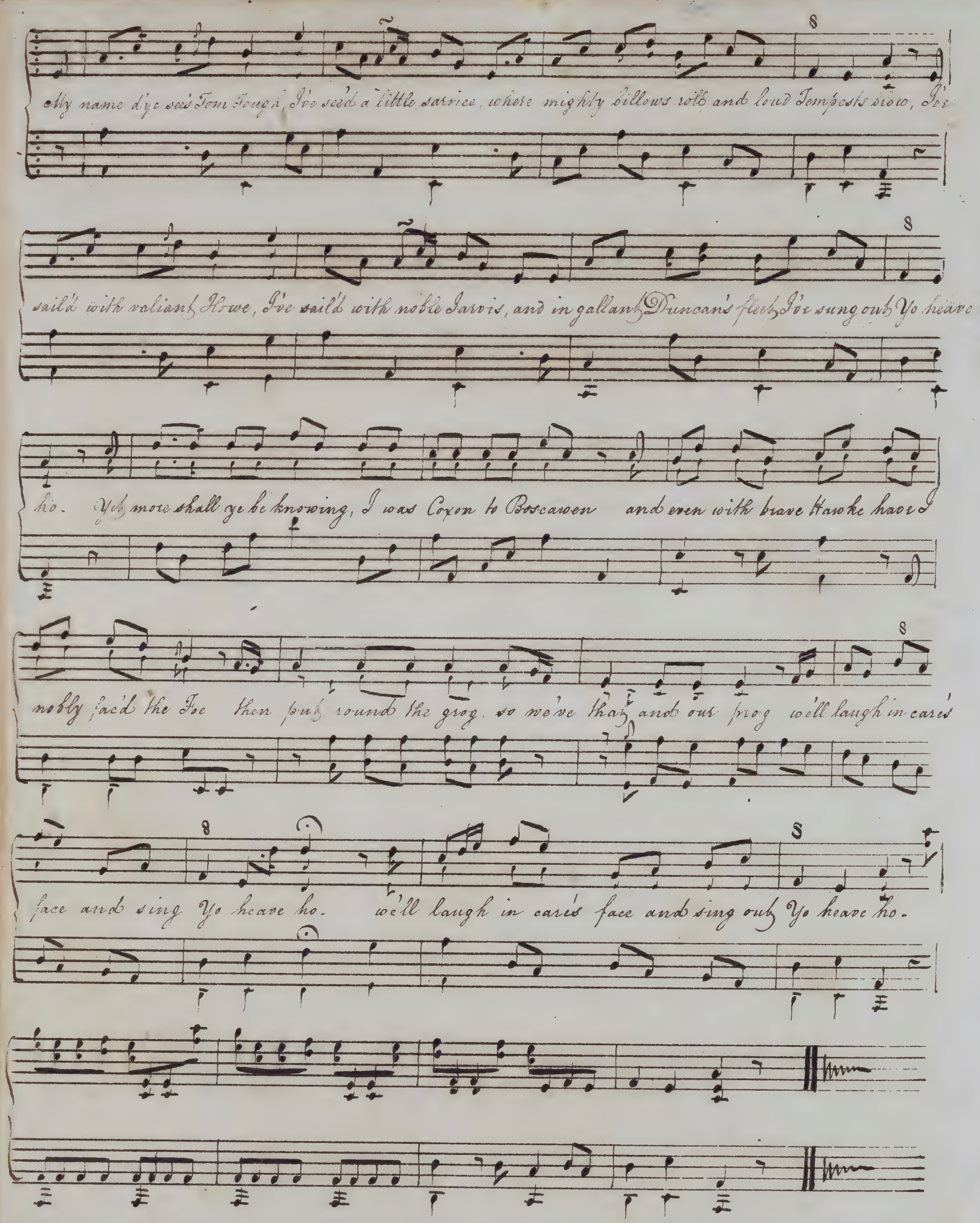
And when pale characters of Death
Shall mark this alter'd Cheek,
When my poor wasted trembling breath
My Life's last hope would speak.
I shall not raise my Eyes to Heav'n
Nor mercy ask for me;
My Soul despairs to be forgiven
Unpardon'd, Love by thee.

Yo heave ho!

written & composed by Mr. Dibdin



Volti


8
My name d'ye see's Tom Tough, I've seed a little sarvice, where mighty billows roll and loud Tempests blow, I've
8
sail'd with valiant Howe, I've sail'd with noble Jarvis, and in gallant Duncan's fleet, I've sung out Yo heave
ho. Yet more shall ye be knowing, I was Coxon to Boscawen and even with brave Hawke have I
8
nobly fac'd the Foe then put round the grog, so we've that and our prog we'll laugh in care's
8
8
face and sing Yo heave ho. we'll laugh in care's face and sing out Yo heave ho.

2,

When from my love to part I first weigh'd anchor,
And she was sniv'ling seed on the beach below;
I'd like to cotch'd my eyes sniv'ling too d'ye see, to thank her
But I brought my sorrow with a Yo heave ho.
For Sailors, though they have their jokes,
And love and feel like other folks,
Their duty to neglect must not come for to go;
So I seiz'd the capstern bar
Like a true honest Tar,
And in spite of tears and sighs, sung out Ye, heave ho.—

3d,

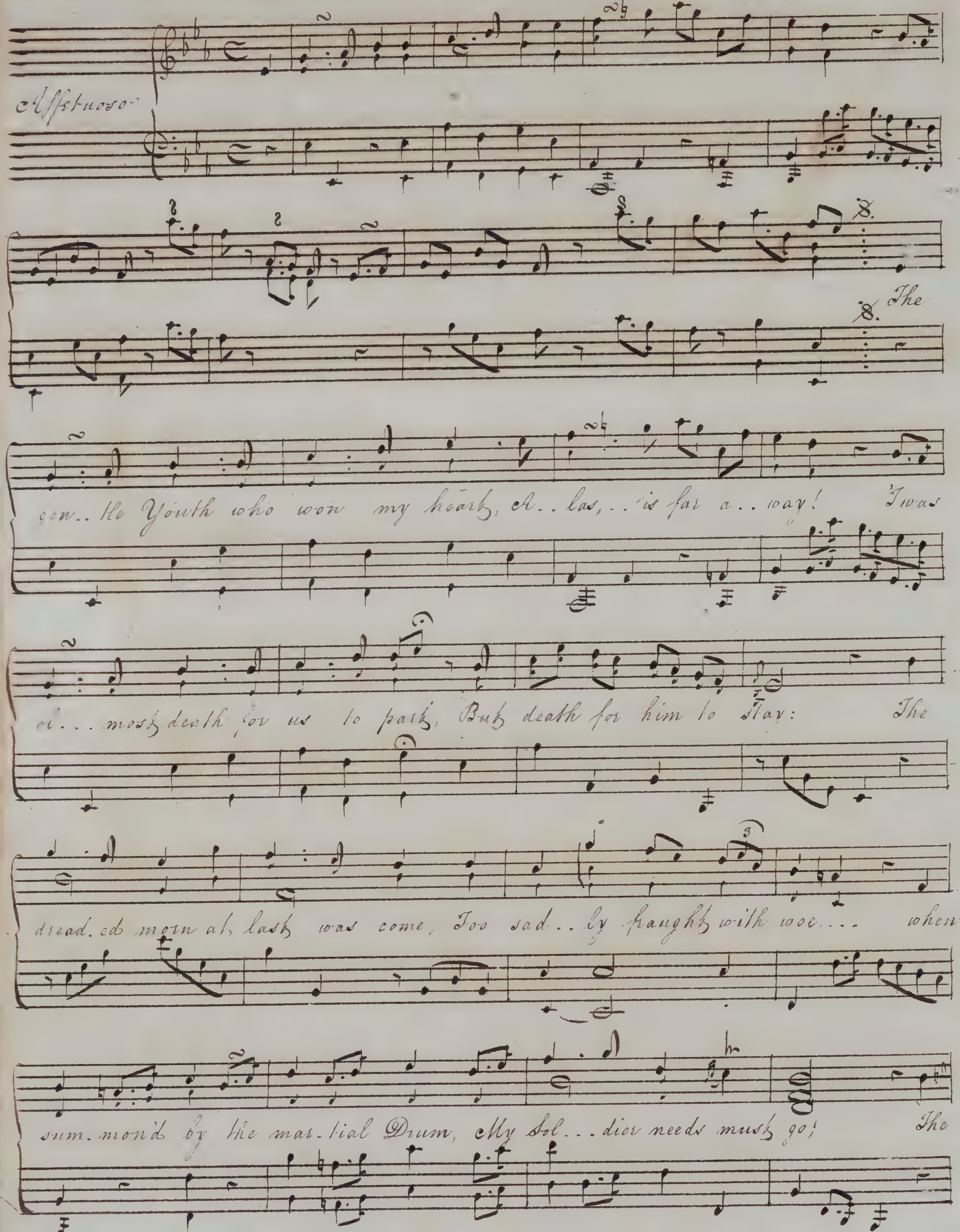
But the worst on't was that time when the little ones were sickly,
And if they'd live or die the doctor did not know;
The word was giv'd to weigh so sudden and so quickly
I thought my heart would break as I sung Ye, heave ho.
For Poll's so like her Mother
And as for Jack her Brother,
The Boy when he grows up will nobly fight the foe;
But in providence I trust
For you see what must be must
So my sighs I gave the winds and sung out Ye, heave ho.—

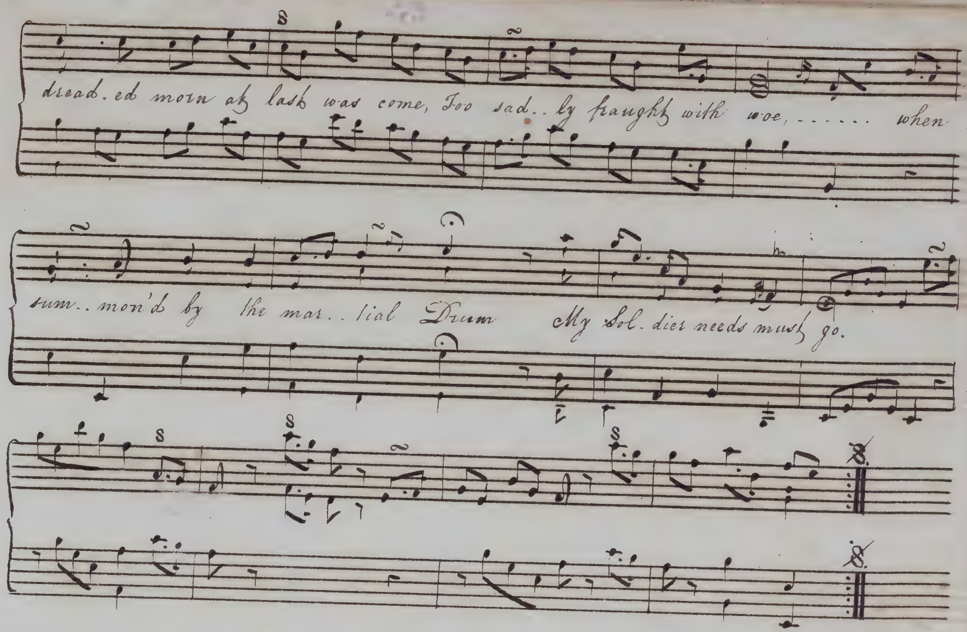
4th,

And now at last laid up in in a decentish condition
For I've only lost an Eye and got a timber toe,
For old Ships must expect in time to be out of commission,
Nor again the anchor weigh with a Ye heave ho.
So I smoke my pipe and sing old songs,
For my Boy shall well revenge my wrongs,
And my Girl shall breed young sailors nobly for to face the foe;
Then to Country and King,
Fate no danger can bring,
While the Tars of old England sing out Ye, heave ho.—

All his Soul was Love

by Field


Affetuoso
The
gen..tle Youth who won my heart, A..las,..is far a..way! 'Twas
al...most death for us to part, But death for him to stay: The
dread.ed morn at last was come, Too sad..ly fraught with woe.... when
sum.mon'd by the mar..tial Drum, My Sol...dier needs must go! The


dread.ed morn at last was come, Too sad..ly fraught with woe,...... when
sum..mon'd by the mar..tial Drum My Sol.dier needs must go.

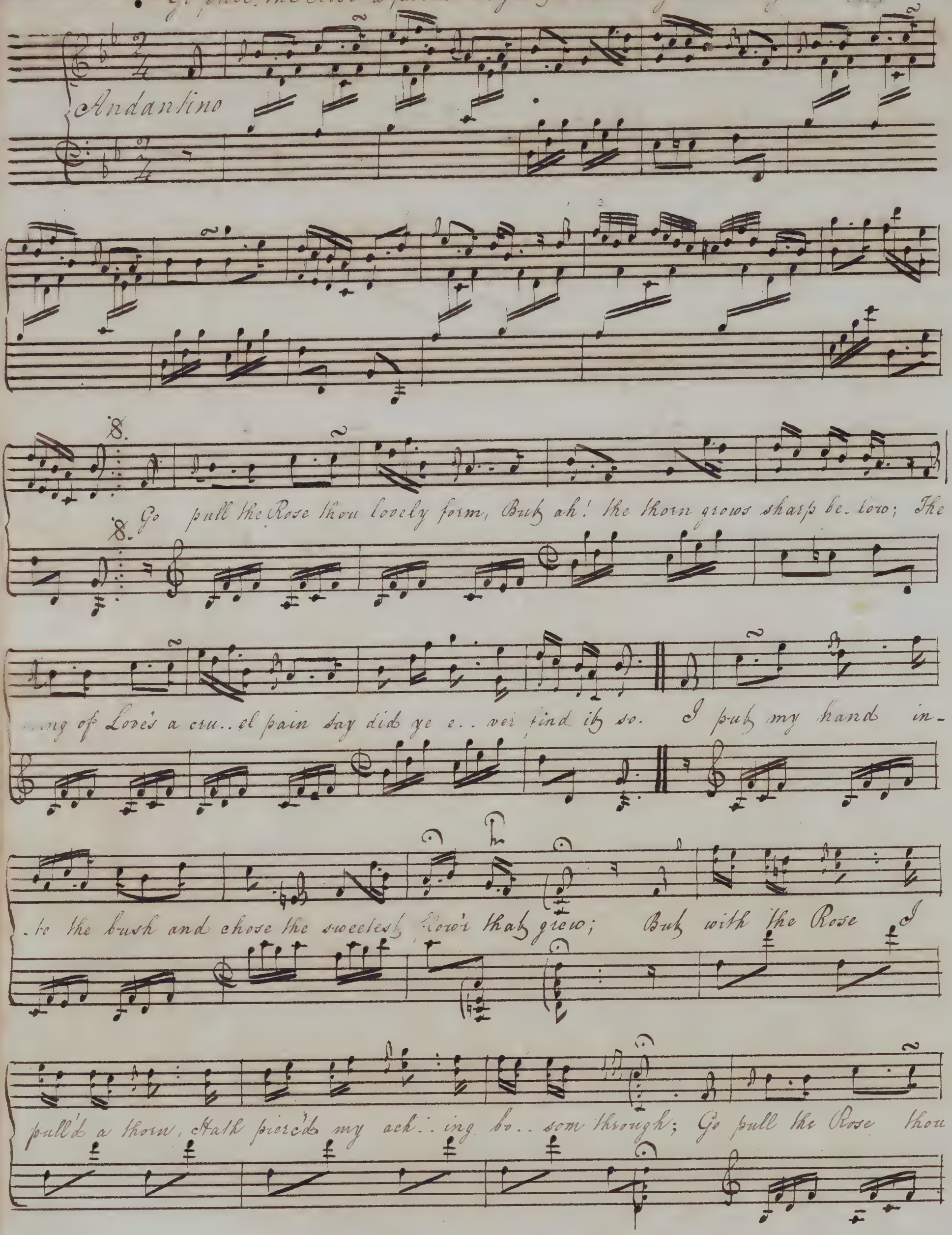
2^d^

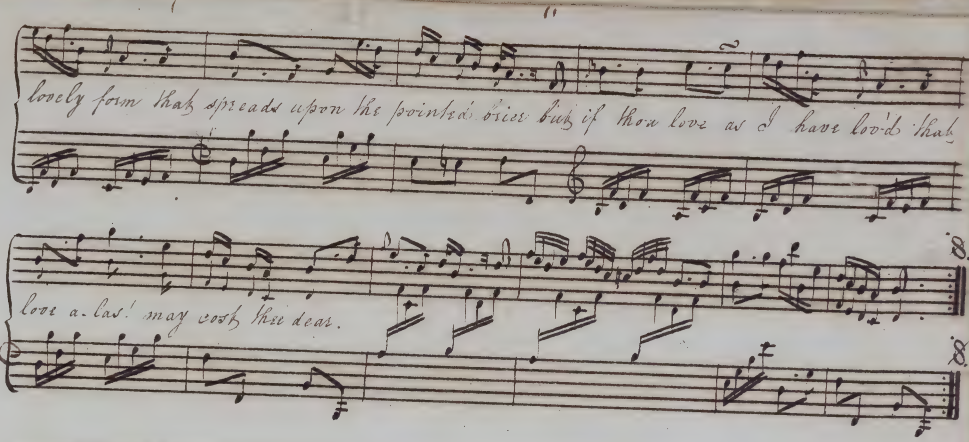
Can I forget the last long look,
The deep the broken sigh,
The fond adieu my Henry took
The tear which dim'd his eye;
I mark'd the conflict in his breast,
And sought his truth to prove
With duty saw his mind impreſs'd
But all his Soul was Love.—

3^d^

Tho' words scarce spoke the pangs he felt
Or urg'd one tender sigh
His language taught my heart to melt
The language of his eye;
O guard him Heavn (shall be my prayr)
When War spreads dire alarms;
Teach, teach the miſsive ball to err,
And give him to my Arms.—

Go pull the Rose a favorite Song set to Music by John Roſs.–


Andantino
Go pull the Rose thou lovely form, But ah! the thorn grows sharp be-low; The
-ing of Love's a cru..el pain say did ye e..ver find it so. I put my hand in-
-to the bush and chose the sweetest flow'r that grew; But with the Rose I
pull'd a thorn, Hath pierc'd my ach..ing bo..som through; Go pull the Rose thou

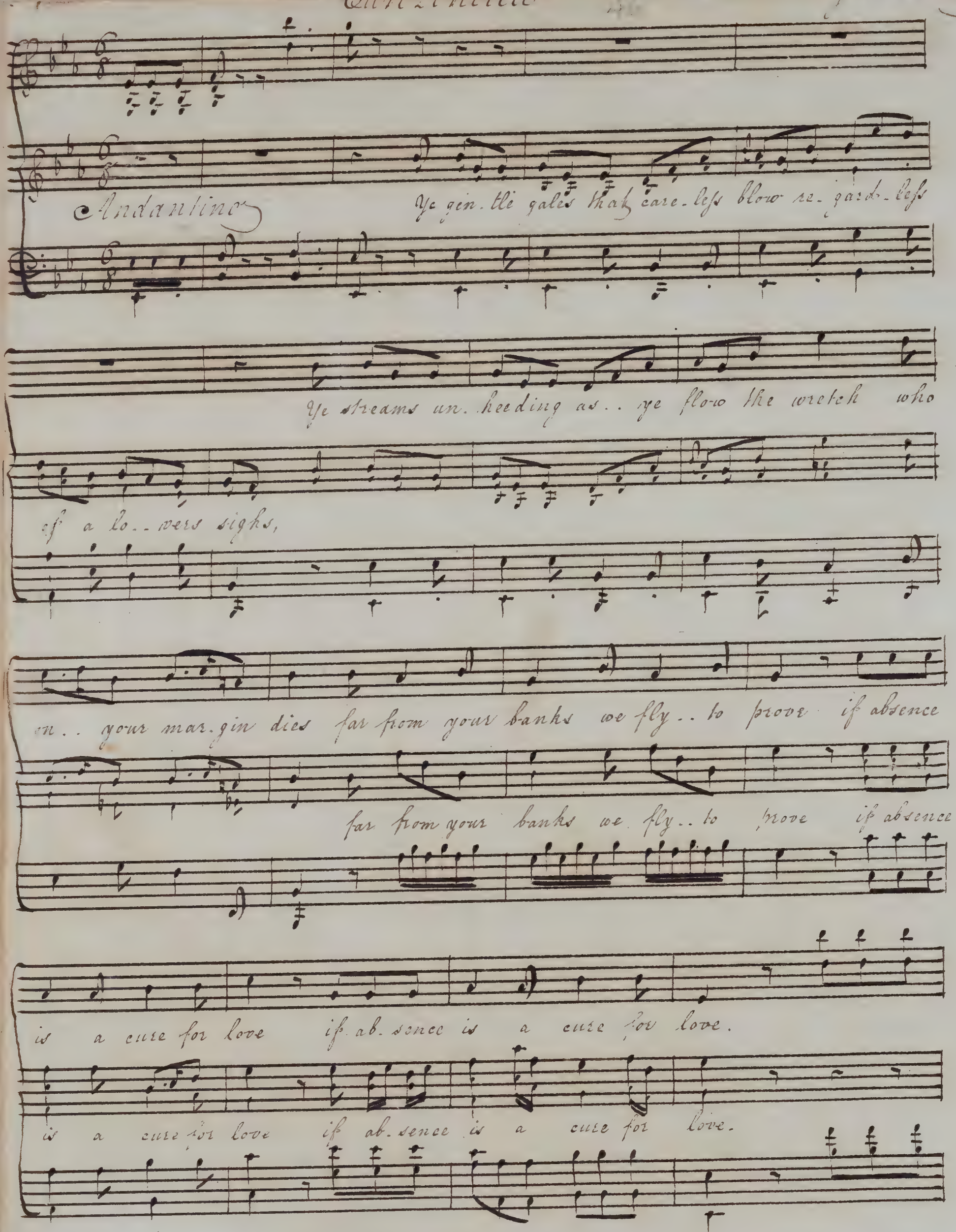

lovely form that spreads upon the pointed brier but if thou love as I have lov'd that
love a-las! may cost thee dear.

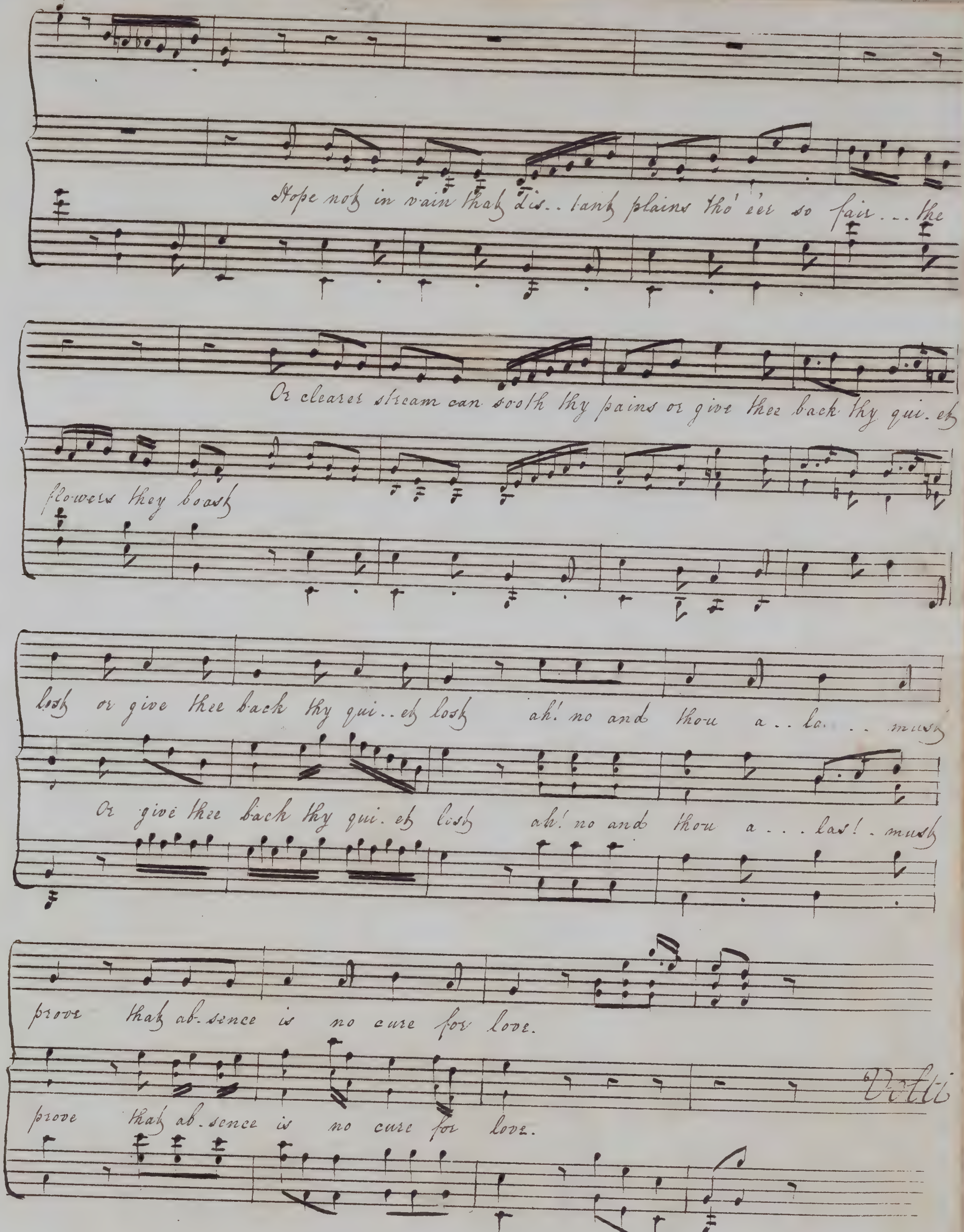
2d,

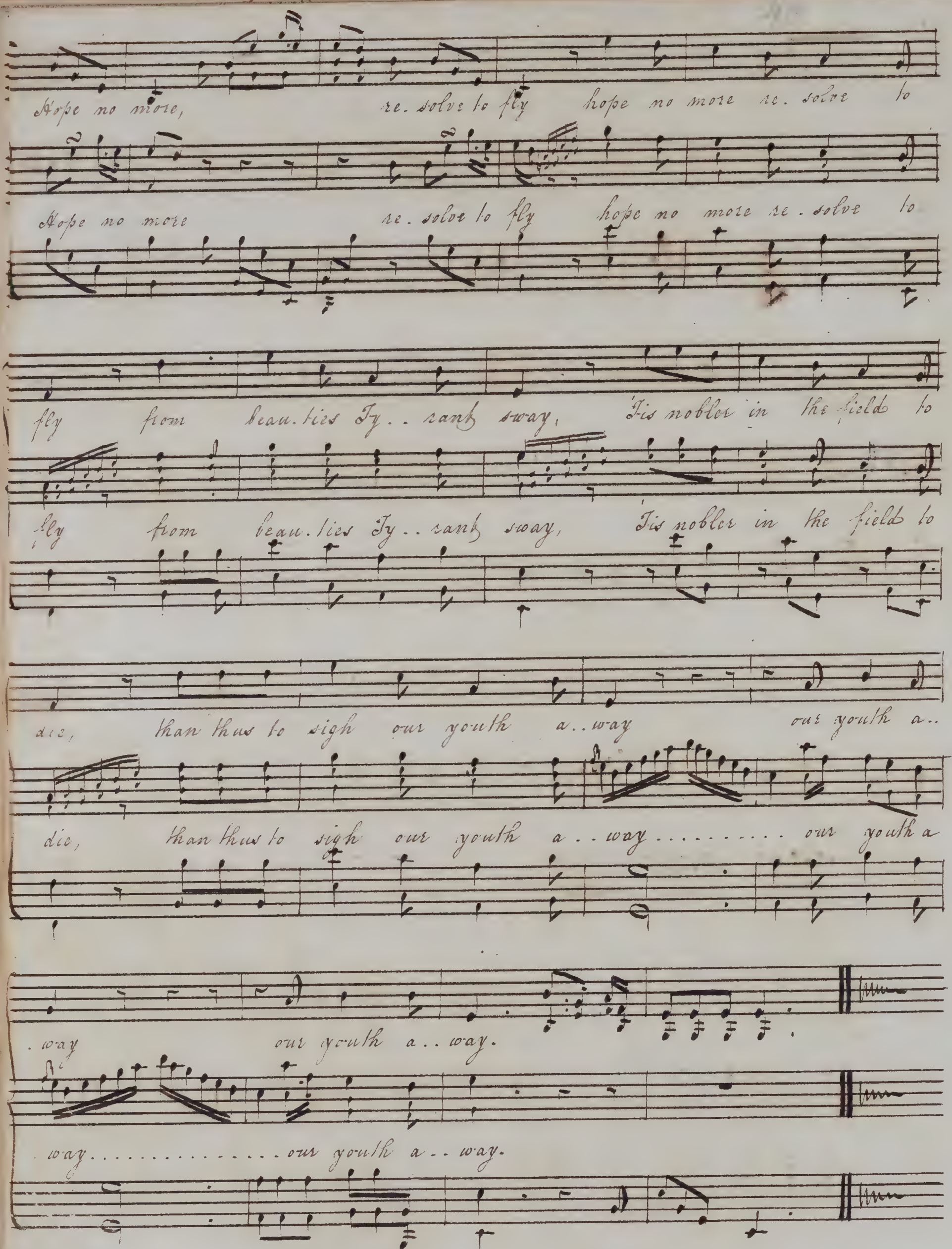
Go pull the Rose thou lovely form
In native charms as sweet as thee
But let not love thy breast invade,
Or you may sigh as deep as me;
I wander here, I wander there
In all my soft endearments croſs'd,
The mountain climb or valley trace,
To every gleam of pleasure lost;
Go pull the Rose thou lovely form,
But O be more secure than I,
Or soon the chrystal dropping tear,
Will dim the sparkle of thine eye.–

Canzonetta

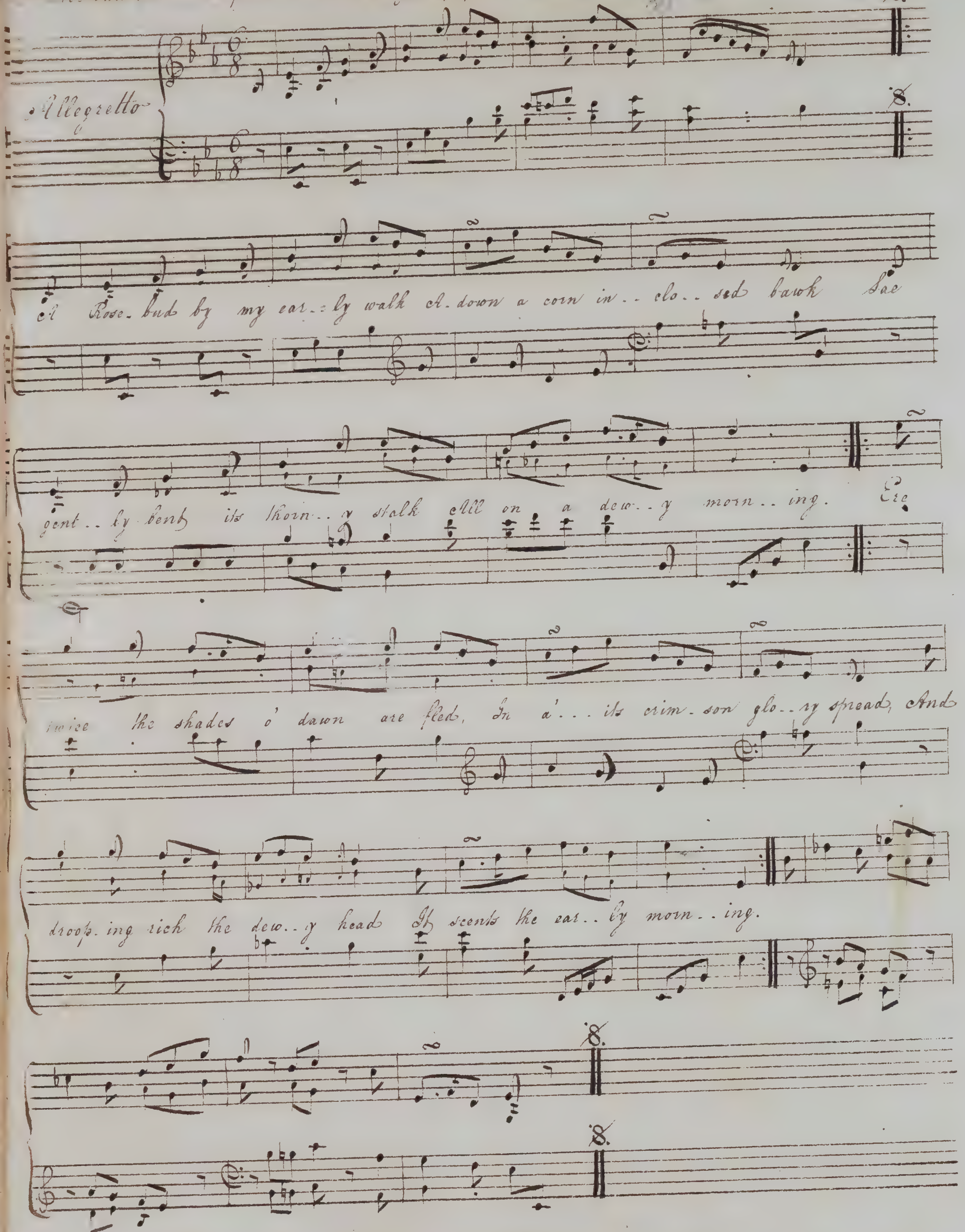
by Mozart


Andantino
Ye gen. tle gales that care. less blow re. gard. less
Ye streams un. heeding as.. ye flow the wretch who
of a lo..vers sighs,
on.. your mar.gin dies far from your banks we fly.. to prove if absence
far from your banks we fly.. to prove if absence
is a cure for love if ab. sence is a cure for love.
is a cure for love if ab. sence is a cure for love.


Hope not in vain that dis..tant plains tho' e'er so fair... the
Or clearest stream can sooth thy pains or give thee back thy qui. et
flowers they boast
lost or give thee back thy qui..et lost ah! no and thou a..la.. .. must
Or give thee back thy qui. et lost ah! no and thou a...las!..must
prove that ab. sence is no cure for love.
prove that ab. sence is no cure for love.
Volti


Hope no more, re. solve to fly hope no more re. solve to
Hope no more re. solve to fly hope no more re. solve to
fly from beau. ties Ty.. rant sway, 'Tis nobler in the field to
fly from beau. ties Ty.. rant sway, 'Tis nobler in the field to
die, than thus to sigh our youth a..way our youth a..
die, than thus to sigh our youth a..way.......... our youth a
. way our youth a..way.
. way............... our youth a..way.

Rose bud &c. a favorite Scotch Song, Symphonied & Harmonized by Doctor


Allegretto
A Rose-bud by my ear-ly walk A-down a corn in-clo-sed bawk Sae
gent-ly bent its thorn-y stalk All on a dew-y morn-ing. Ere
twice the shades o' dawn are fled, In a' its crim-son glo-ry spread, And
droop-ing rich the dew-y head It scents the ear-ly morn-ing.

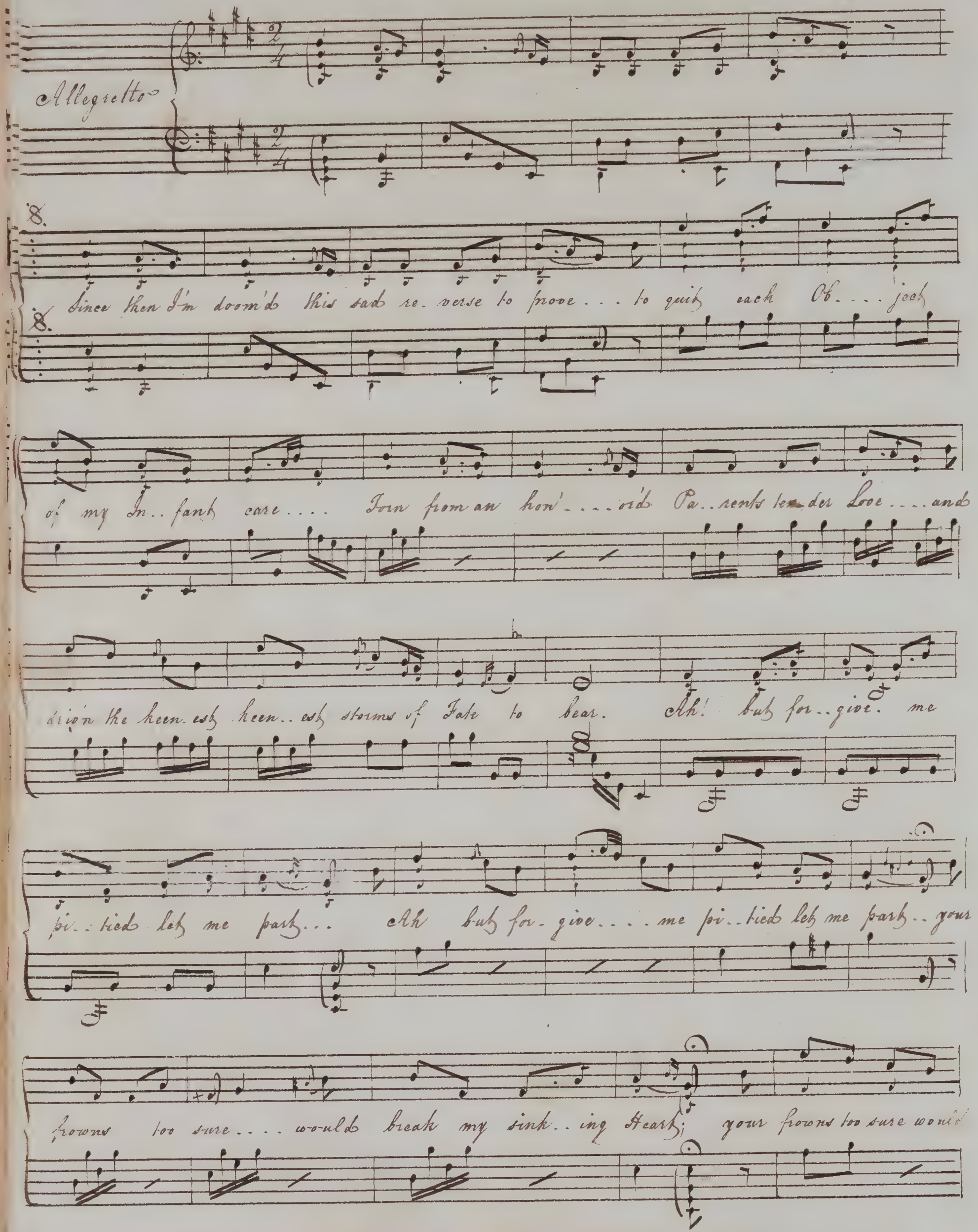
2d.

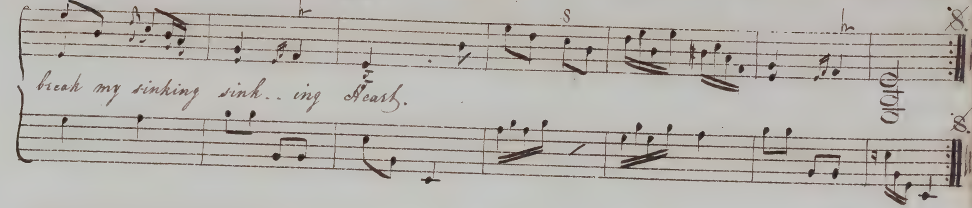
Within the bush, her covert nest,
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning.
She soon shall see her tender brood
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

3d,

So thou, dear bird, young Jenny fair
On trembling string, or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care,
That tents thy early morning.
So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

Sung by Mrs. Jordan in the Spoild Child

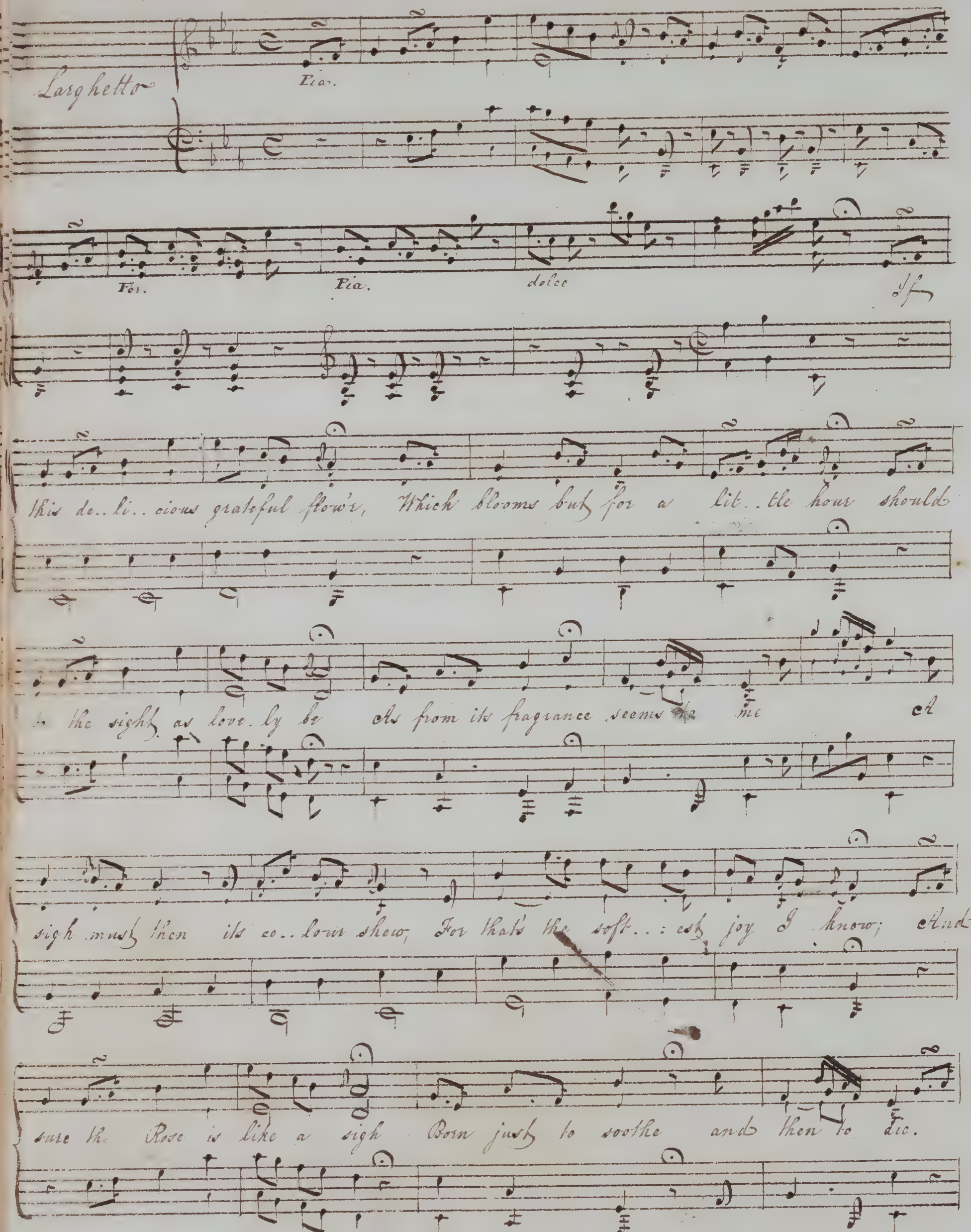

Allegretto
8.
Since then I'm doom'd this sad re..verse to prove... to quit each Ob...ject
of my In..fant care.... Torn from an hon'....or'd Pa..rents ten..der Love....and
driv'n the keen..est keen..est storms of Fate to bear. Ah! but for..give. me
pi..tied let me part... Ah but for..give....me pi..tied let me part.. your
frowns too sure... would break my sink..ing Heart; your frowns too sure would

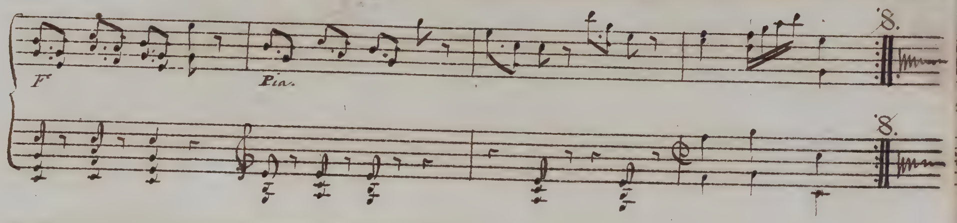

break my sinking sink..ing Heart.
8.

2d.

Where'er I go what'er my lonely state,
Yet grateful mem'ry still shall linger here;
And when perhaps you're musing o'er my fate,
You still may greet me with a tender tear.
Ah! then forgive me pitied let me part,
Your frowns too sure would break my sinking Heart.--

Sure the Rose is like a Sigh; in the Opera of the Blind Girl by Mazzinghi

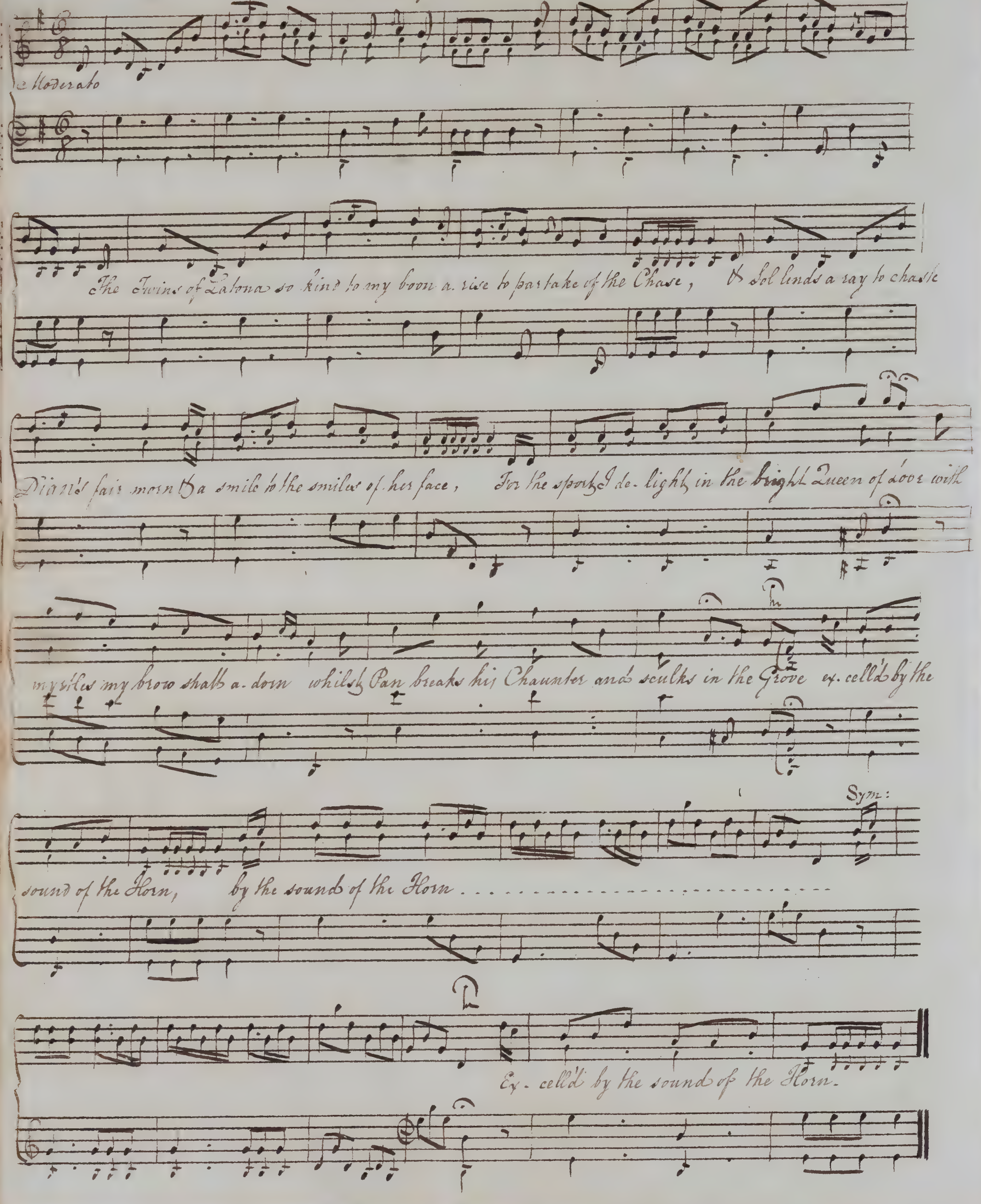

Larghetto
Pia.
For.
Pia.
dolce
ff
this de..li..cious grateful flow'r, Which blooms but for a lit..tle hour should
the sight as love.ly be As from its fragrance seems to me A
sigh must then its co..lour shew, For that's the soft...est joy I know; And
sure the Rose is like a sigh Born just to soothe and then to die.

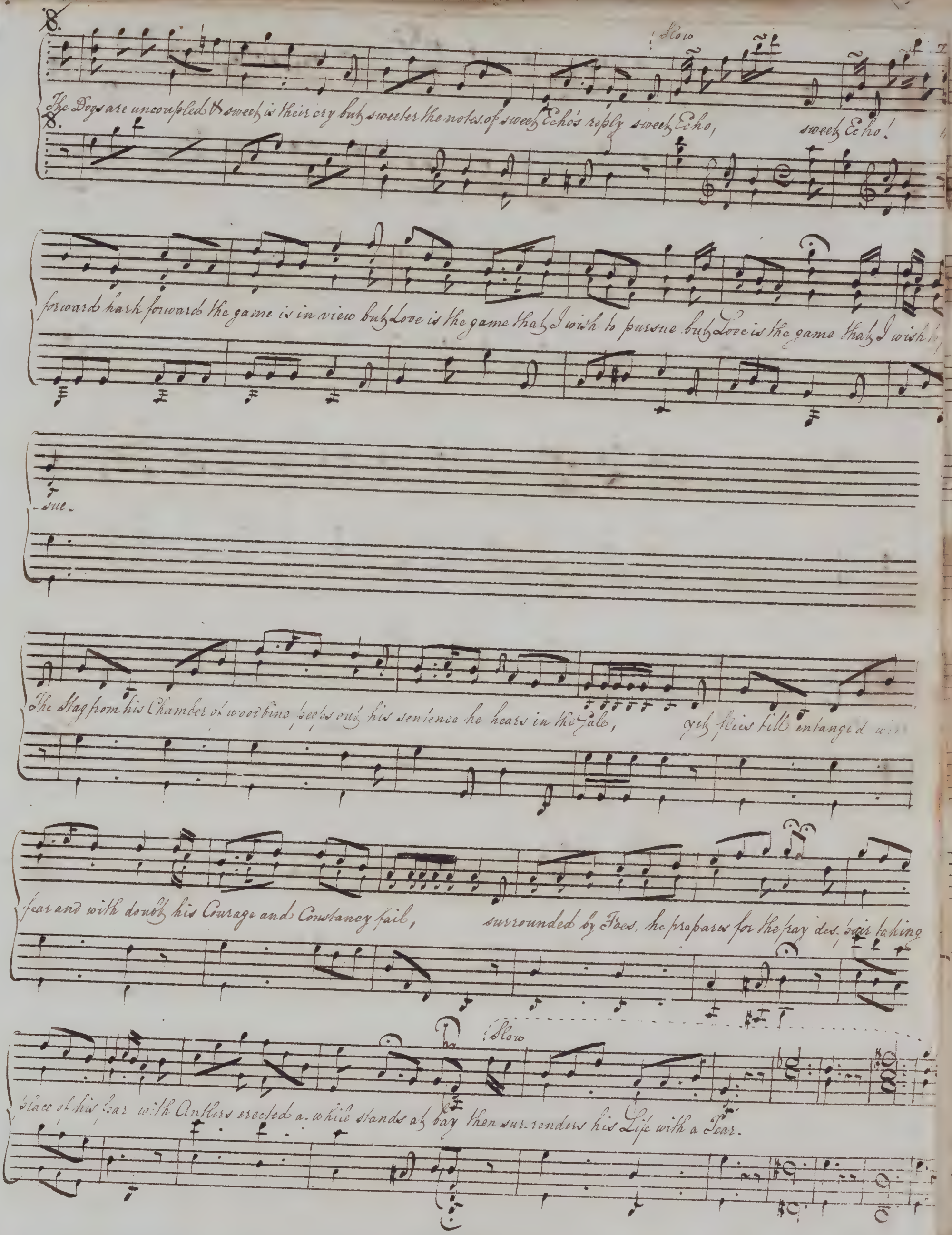


2d.

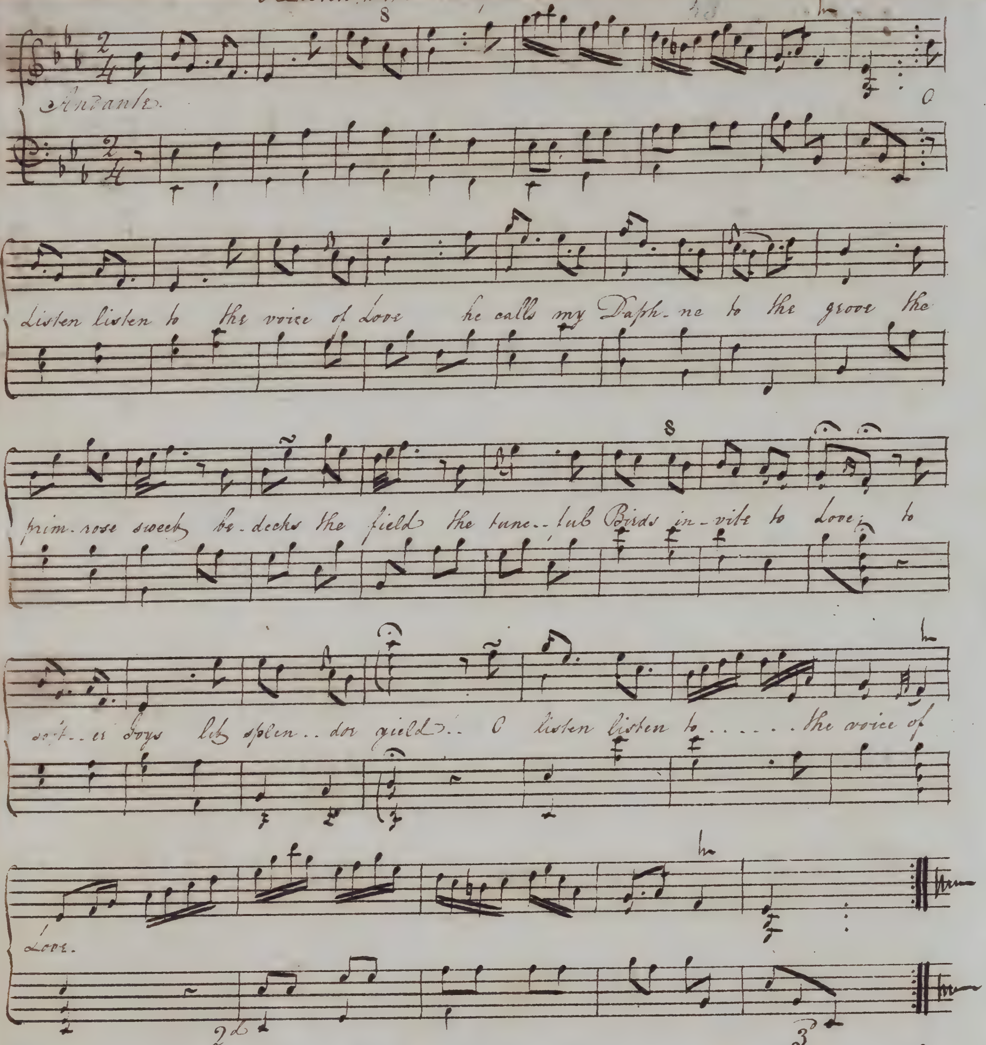
My Father when our fortunes smiled;
With jewels deck'd his sightleſs Child.
Their glittering worth the world might see,
But ah! they shed no sweets for me.
Still as the present fail'd to charm
The trickling drops bedewed my arm
And sure the gem to me most dear
Was a kind Father's pitying tear.–

The Twins of Latona


Moderato
The Twins of Latona so kind to my boon a. rise to partake of the Chase, & Sol lends a ray to chaste
Dian's fair morn & a smile to the smiles of her face, For the sport I de. light in the bright Queen of Love with
myrtles my brow shall a. dorn whilst Pan breaks his Chaunter and sculks in the Grove ex. cell'd by the
Sym:
sound of the Horn, by the sound of the Horn ....
Ex. cell'd by the sound of the Horn.


8.
Slow
The Dogs are uncoupled & sweet is their cry but sweeter the notes of sweet Echo's reply sweet Echo, sweet Echo!
8.
forward hark forward the game is in view but Love is the game that I wish to pursue but Love is the game that I wish to
-sue.
The Stag from his Chamber of woodbine peeps out his sentence he hears in the Gale, yet flies till entangled in
fear and with doubt his Courage and Constancy fail, surrounded by Foes, he prepares for the fray des. pair taking
Slow
place of his fear with Antlers erected a. while stands at bay then sur. renders his Life with a Tear.

Listen to the Voice of Love.


Andante
Listen listen to the voice of Love he calls my Daph-ne to the grove the
prim-rose sweet be-decks the field the tune-ful Birds in-vite to Love; to
soft-er Joys lik splen-dor yield. O listen listen to ...... the voice of
Love.

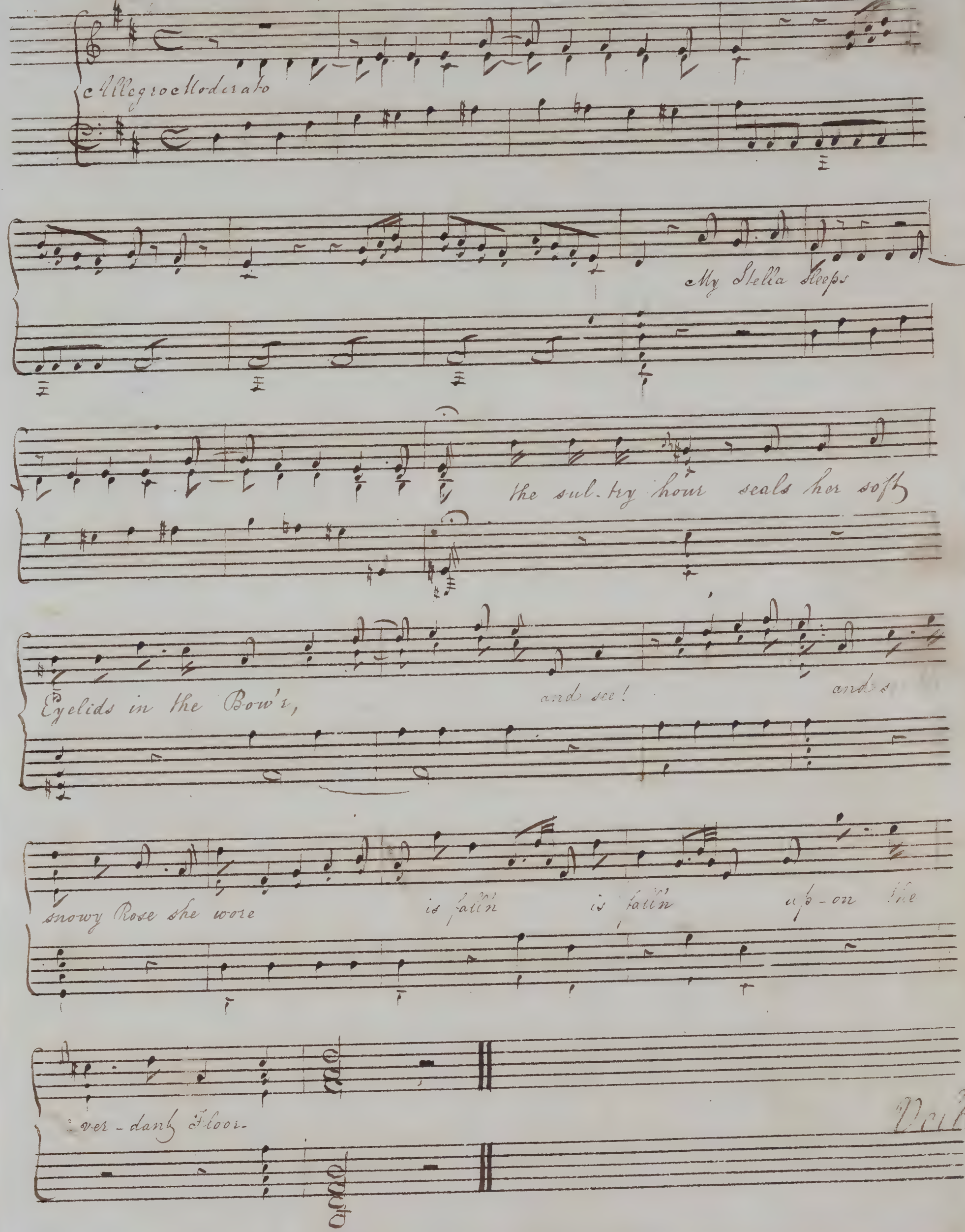
2d

Where flower's their blooming sweets exhale
My Daphne let us fondly stray
Where whisp'ring Love breathes forth the tale
And Shepherds sing their artless lay
Oh listen to the voice of Love
He calls my Daphne to the Grove.

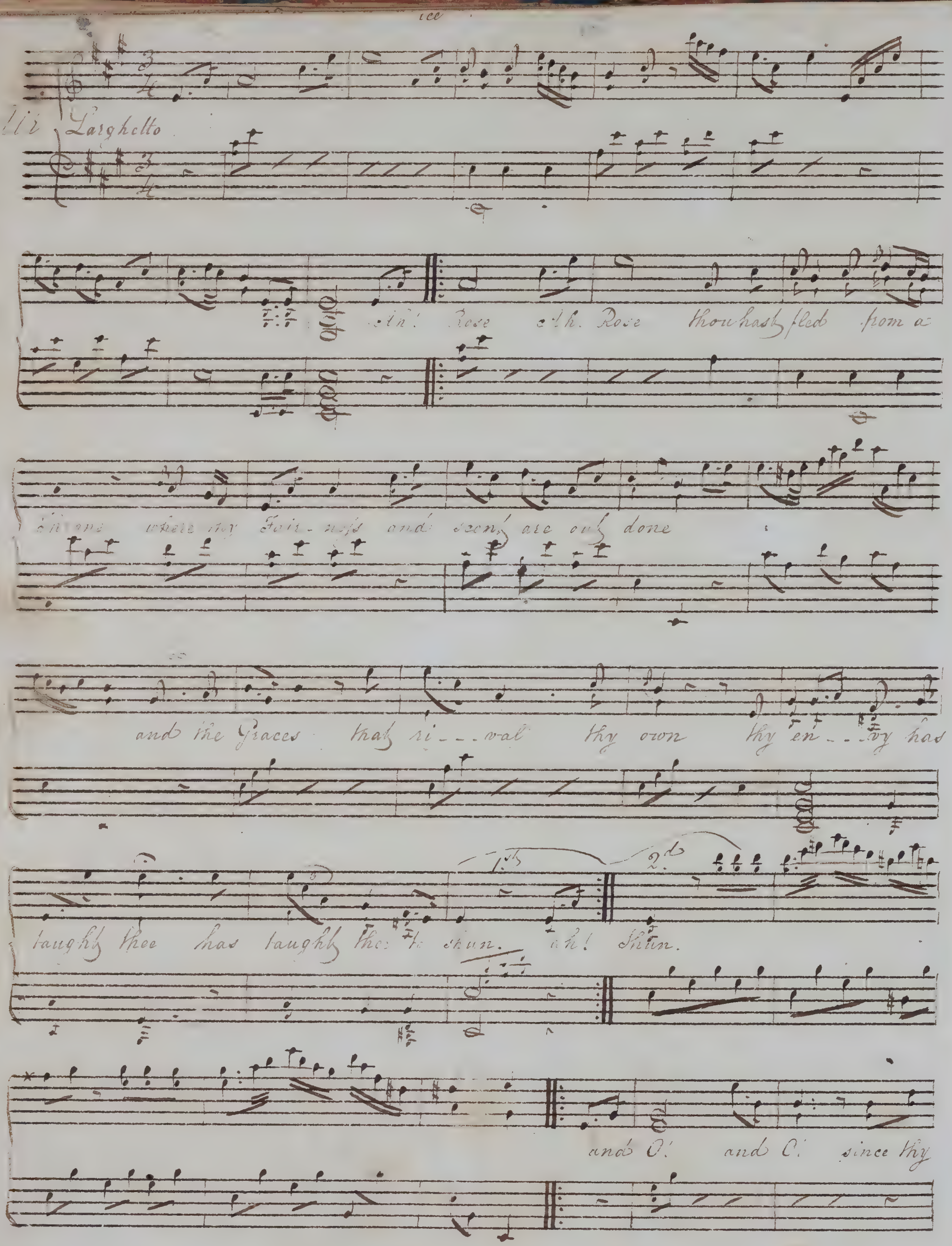
3d

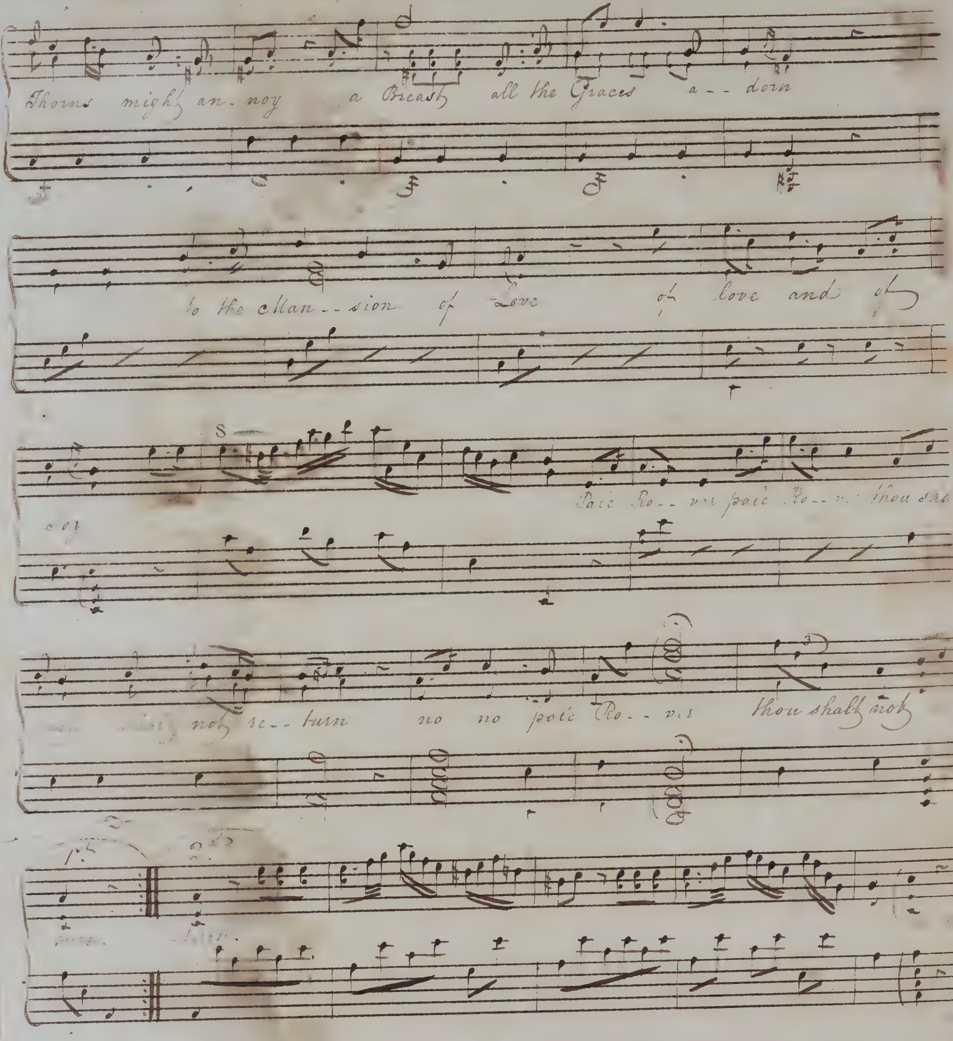
Come share with me the sweets of Spring
And leave the Town's tumultuous noise
The happy Swains all chearful sing
And Eccho still repeats their Joys
Then listen to the voice of Love
He calls my Daphne to the Grove.

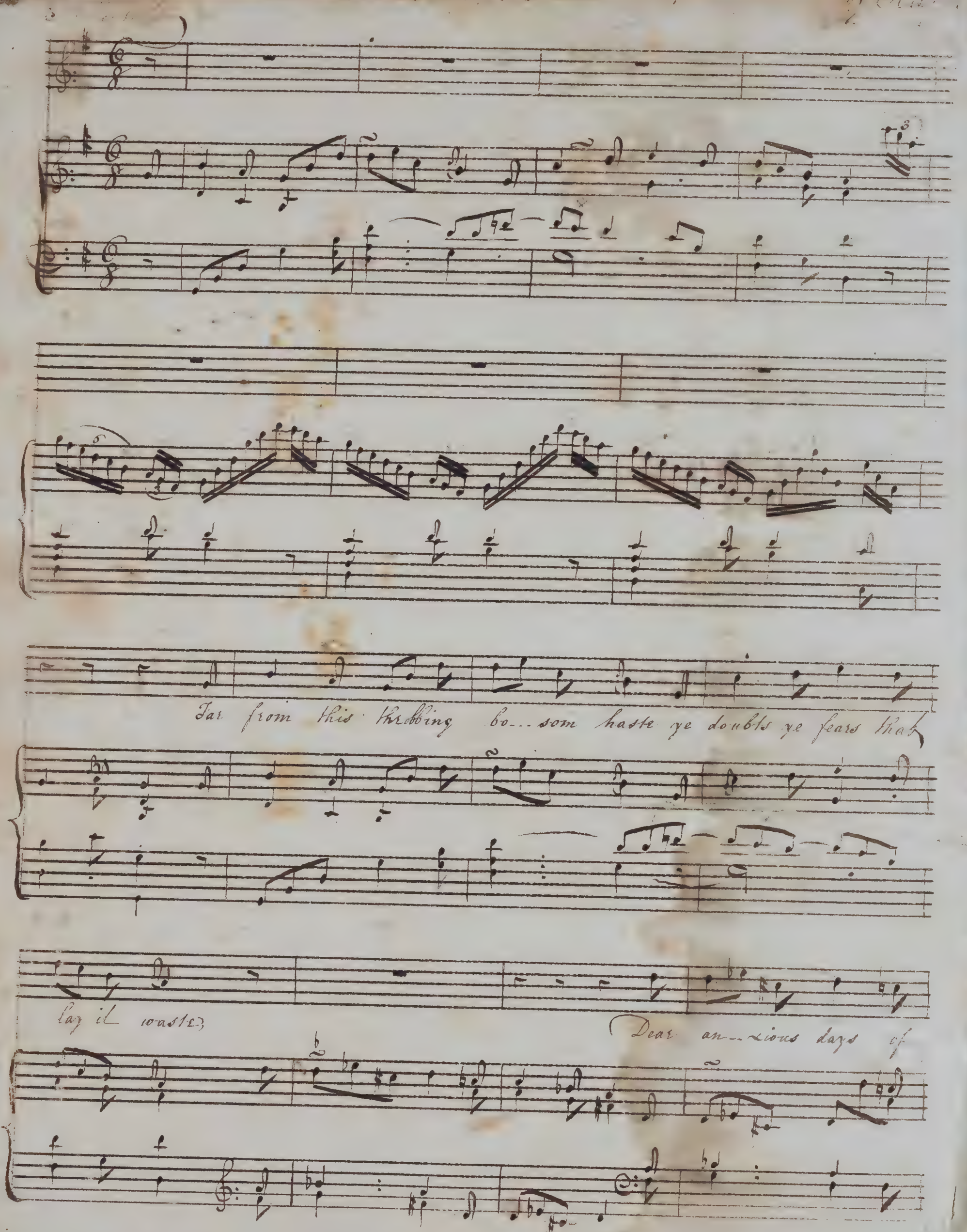
Recitative & Air, the words by Miss Seward; Music by

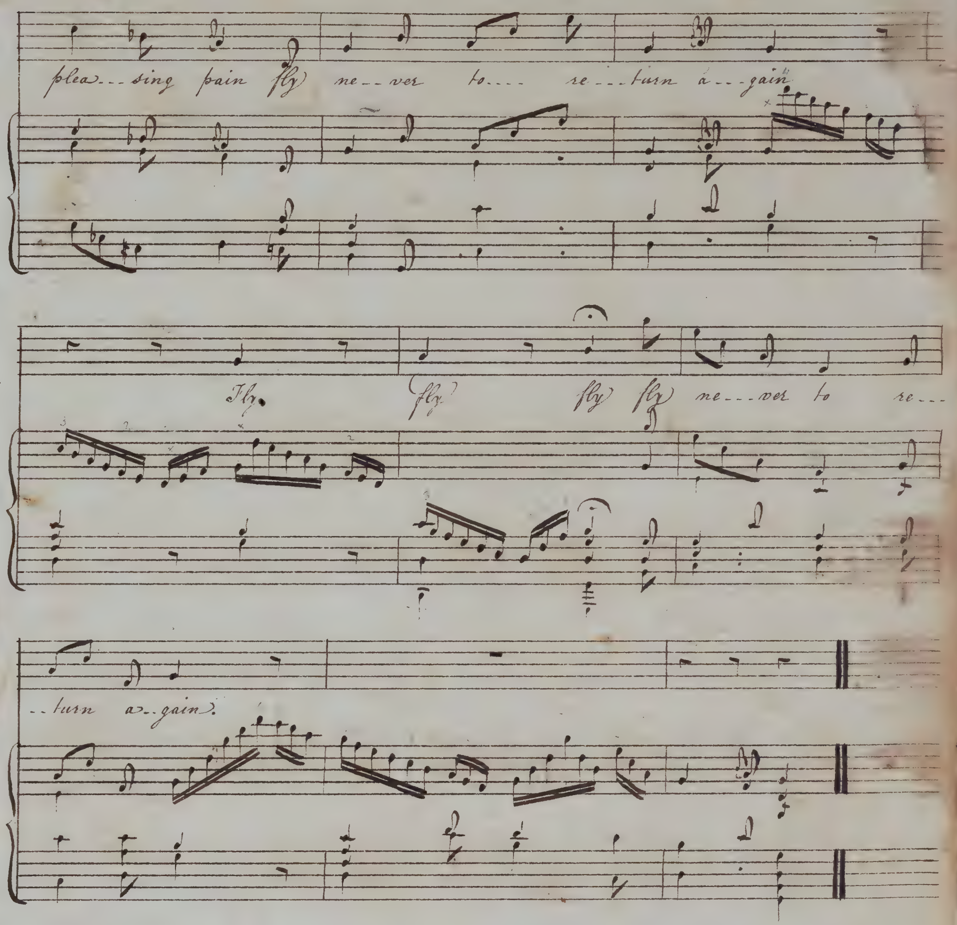

Allegro Moderato
My Stella sleeps
the sul-try hour seals her soft
Eyelids in the Bow'r,
and see!
and s
snowy Rose she wore
is fall'n
is fall'n
up-on the
ver-dant Floor.

Volti

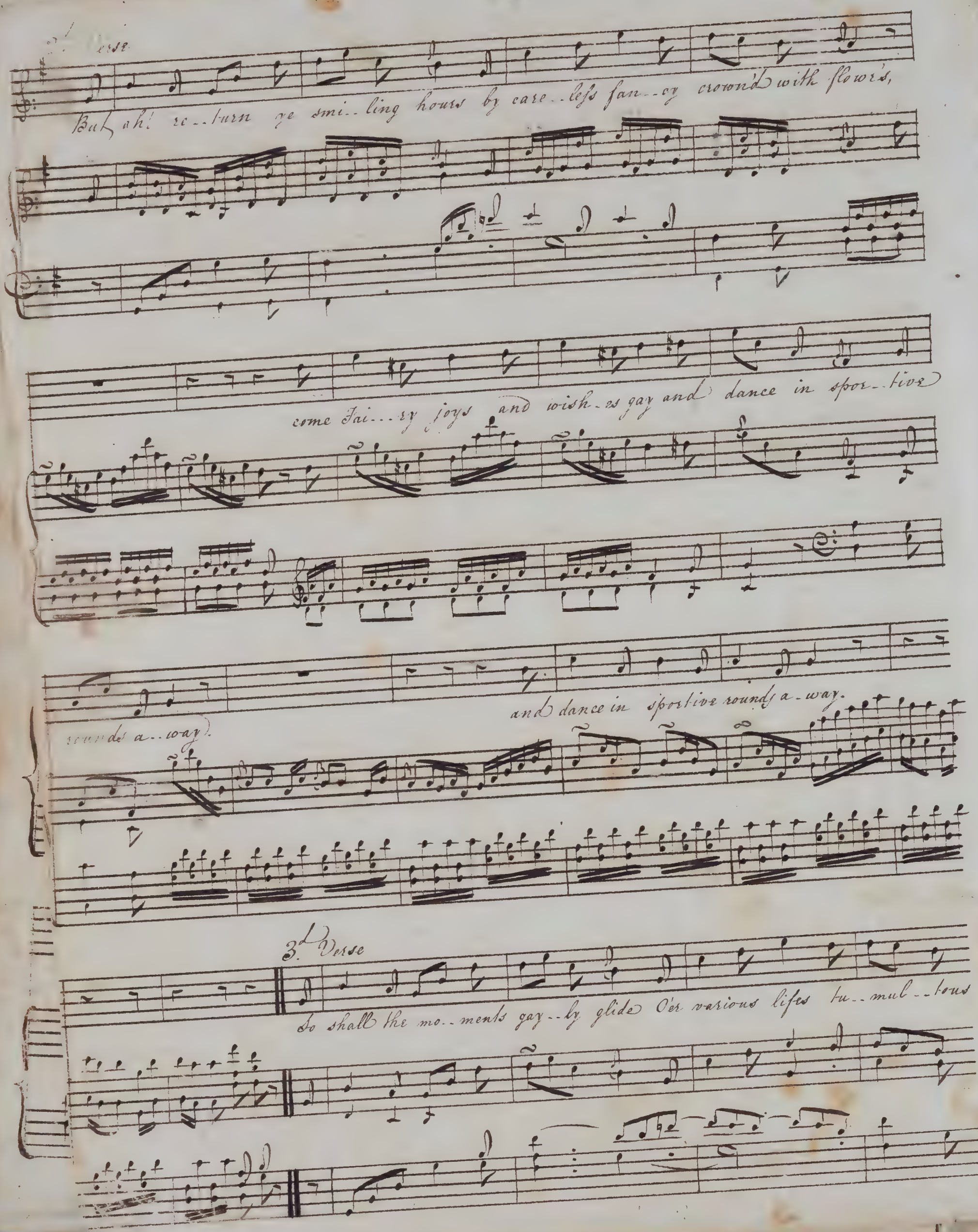

ice
Larghetto
Ah! Rose ah! Rose thou hast fled from a-
-bowrs where thy Fair-ness and scent are out done
and the Graces that ri-val thy own thy en-vy has
taught thee has taught thee to shun. Ah! Shun.
1st
2d
and O! and O! since thy

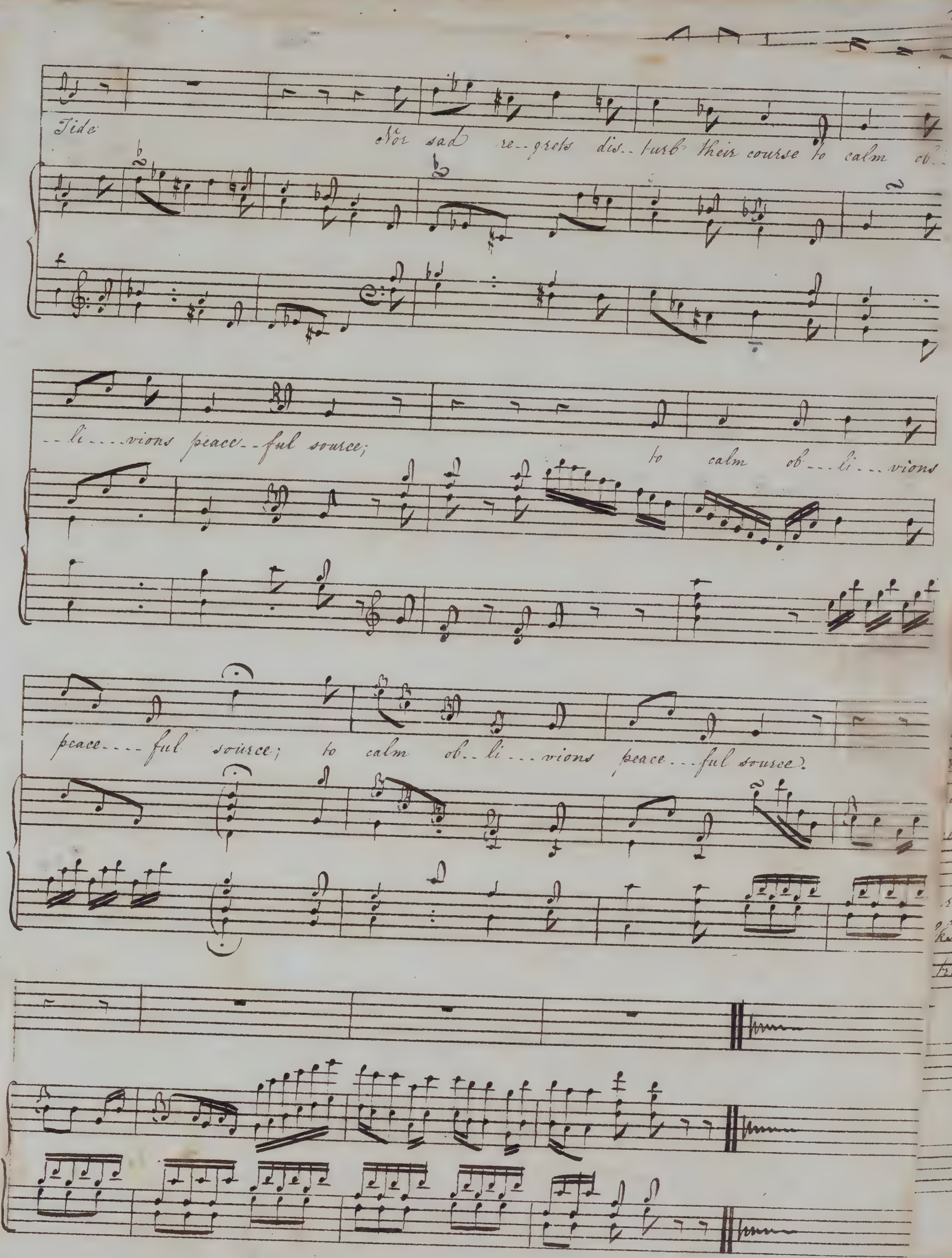

Thorns might an-noy a Breast all the Graces a-dorn
to the Man-sion of Love of love and of
Pale Ro-ses pale Ro-ses thou sha-
-ll not re-turn no no pale Ro-ses thou shalt not
1st
2d

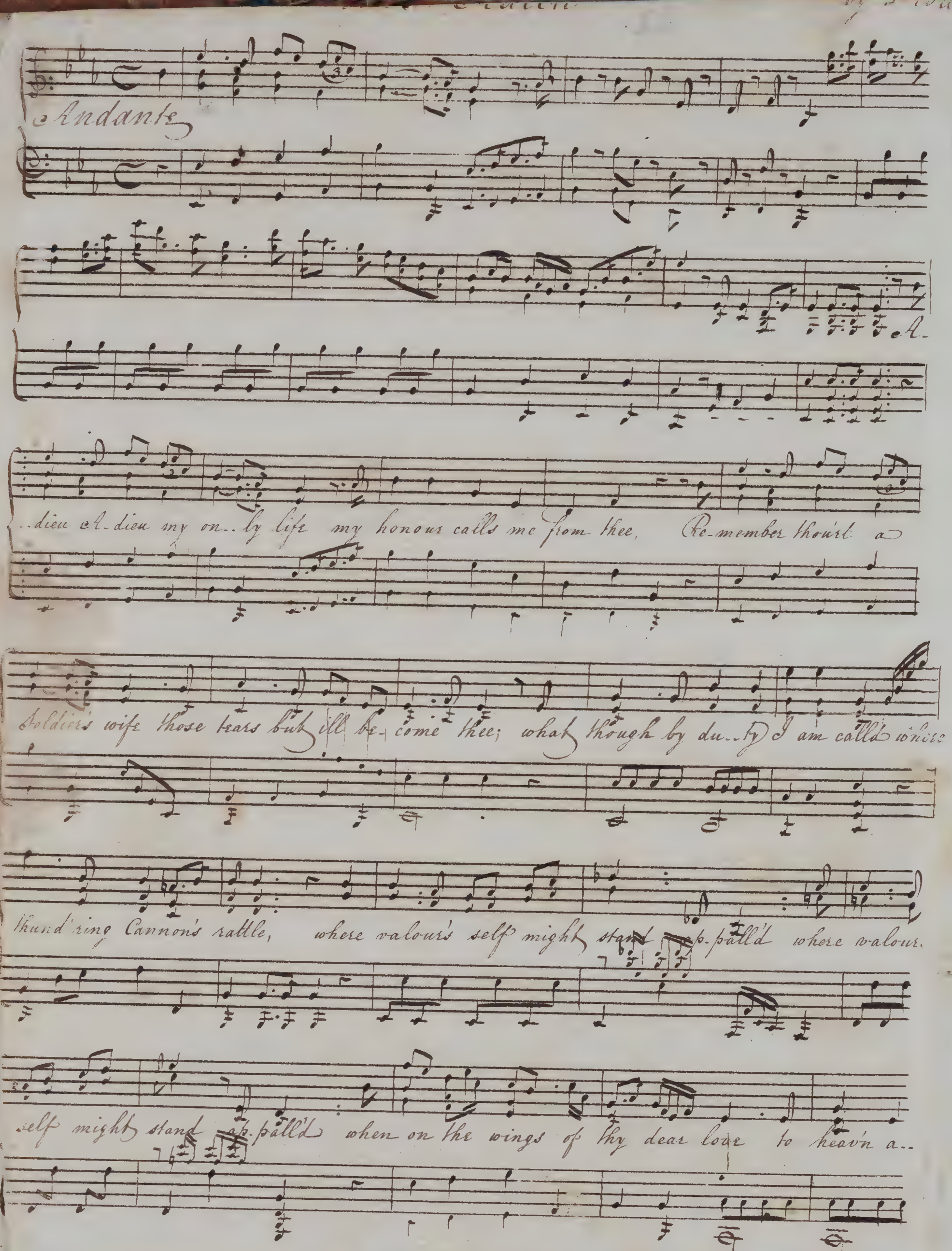

Far from this throbbing bo--som haste ye doubts ye fears that
lay it waste.
Dear an--xious days of

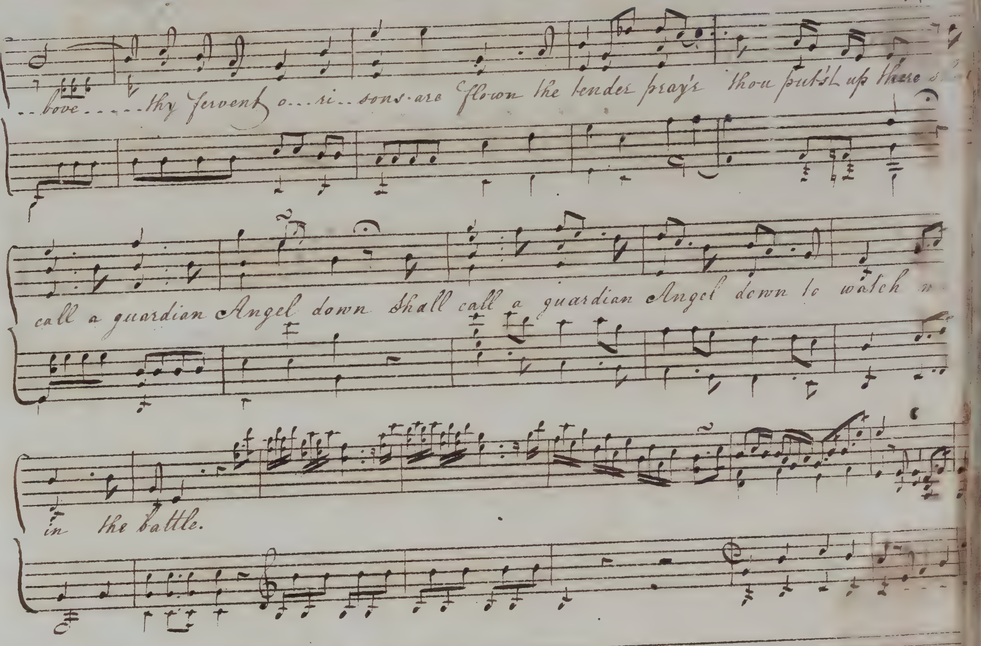

plea--sing pain fly ne--ver to---- re---turn a--gain
Fly fly fly fly ne---ver to re---
--turn a--gain.

Volti


2d Verse
But oh! re..turn ye smi..ling hours by care..less fan..cy crown'd with flow'rs,
come Fai...ry joys and wish..es gay and dance in spor..tive
rounds a..way.
and dance in sportive rounds a..way.
3d Verse
So shall the mo..ments gay..ly glide O'er various lifes tu..mul..tous


Tide
Nor sad re..grets dis..turb their course to calm ob..
..li...vions peace..ful source;
to calm ob...li...vions
peace...ful source; to calm ob..li...vions peace...ful source.


Andante
A-
..dieu A-dieu my on..ly life my honour calls me from thee, Re-member thou'rt a
Soldier's wife those tears but ill be-come thee; what though by du..ty I am call'd where
thund'ring Cannon's rattle, where valour's self might stand ap-pall'd where valour
self might stand ap-pall'd when on the wings of thy dear love to heav'n a..


..bove.....thy fervent o...ri..sons are flown the tender pray'r thou puts't up there sh
call a guardian Angel down shall call a guardian Angel down to watch m
in the battle.

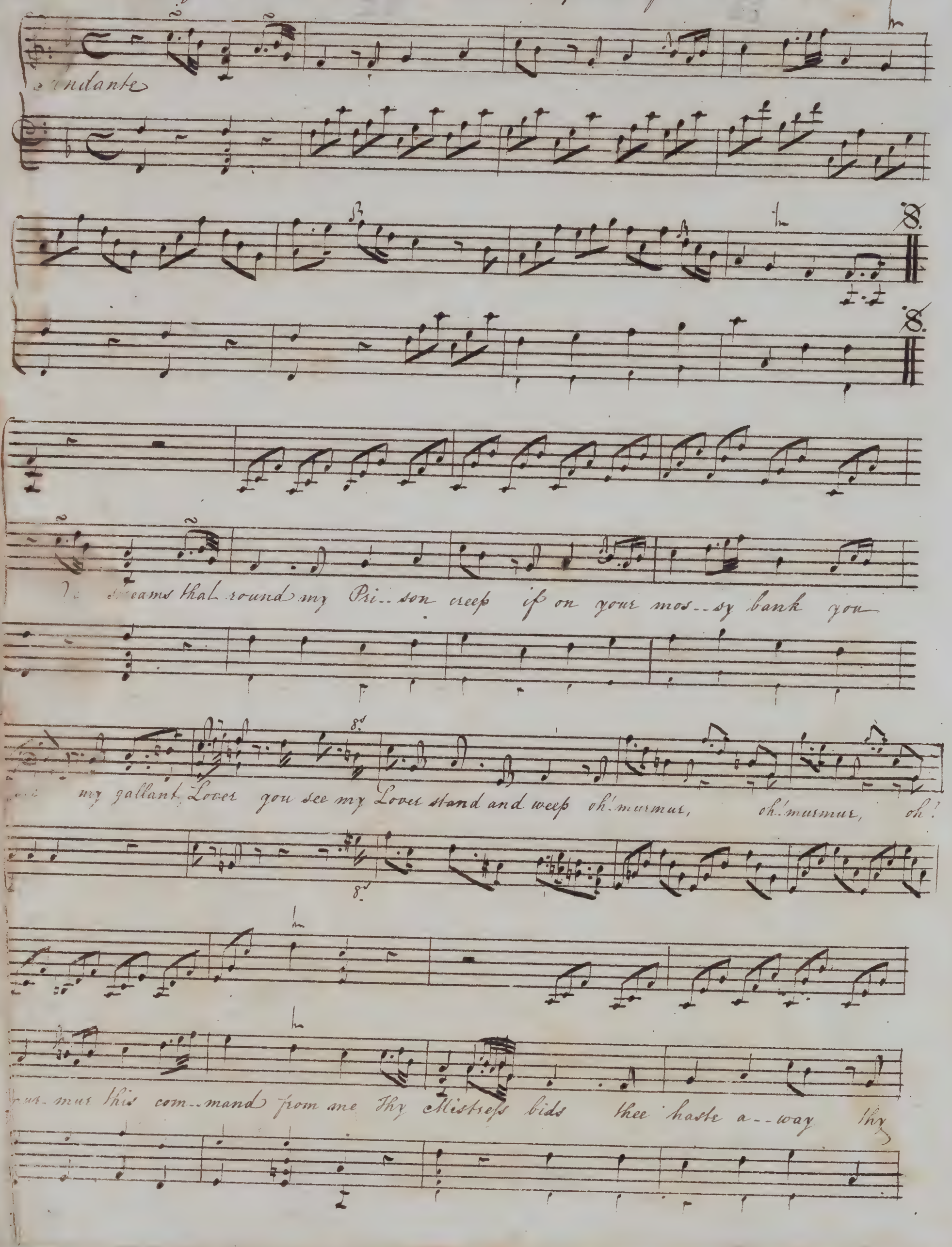
2d,

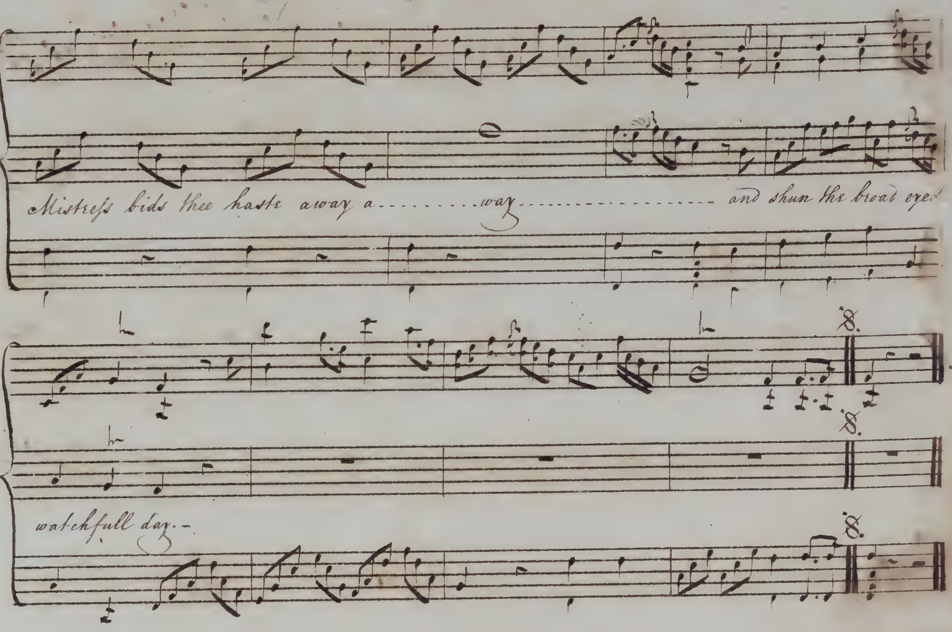
My safety thy fair truth shall be
As sword and buckler serving
My life shall be more dear to me
Because of thy preserving
Let peril come, let horror threat
Let thund'ring Cannons rattle
I'll fearless seek the conflict's heat
Assured when on the wings of Love
To heav'n above &c.—

3d,

Enough, with that benignant smile
Some kindred God inspired thee
Who saw thy bosom void of guile
Who wonder'd and admir'd thee
I go assur'd; my life adieu
Though thund'ring cannons rattle
Though murd'ring carnage stalks in
When on the wings of thy true Love
To heav'n above &c.—

ung by Mr. Braham in the Opera of Lodoiska.

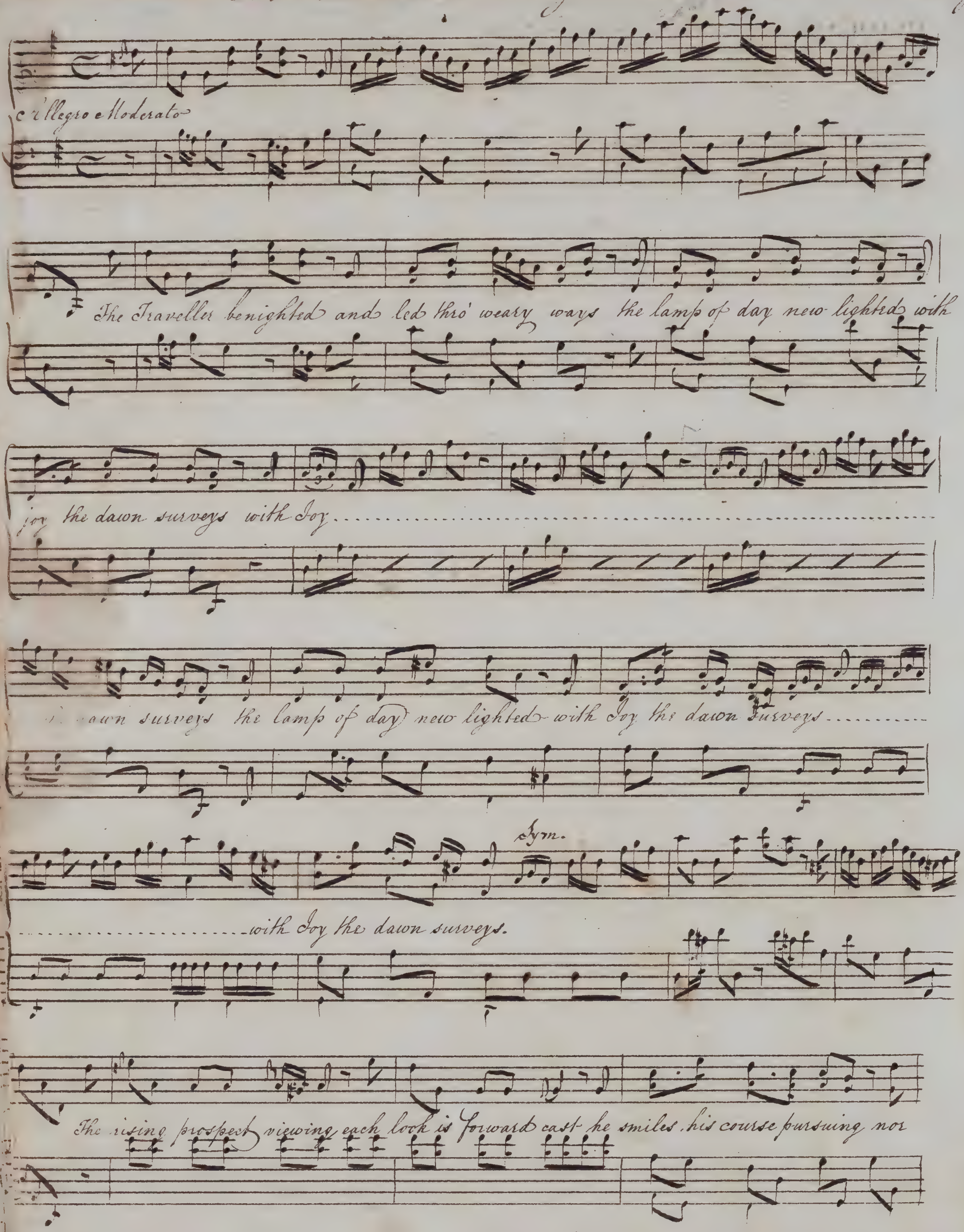

Andante
Ye streams that round my Pri--son creep if on your mos--sy bank you
my gallant Lover you see my Lover stand and weep oh! murmur, oh! murmur, oh!
mur-mur this com--mand from me Thy Mistress bids thee haste a--way thy
8.
8.


Mistress bids thee haste away a........way.................. and shun the broad eye'd
watchfull day.-

2.d

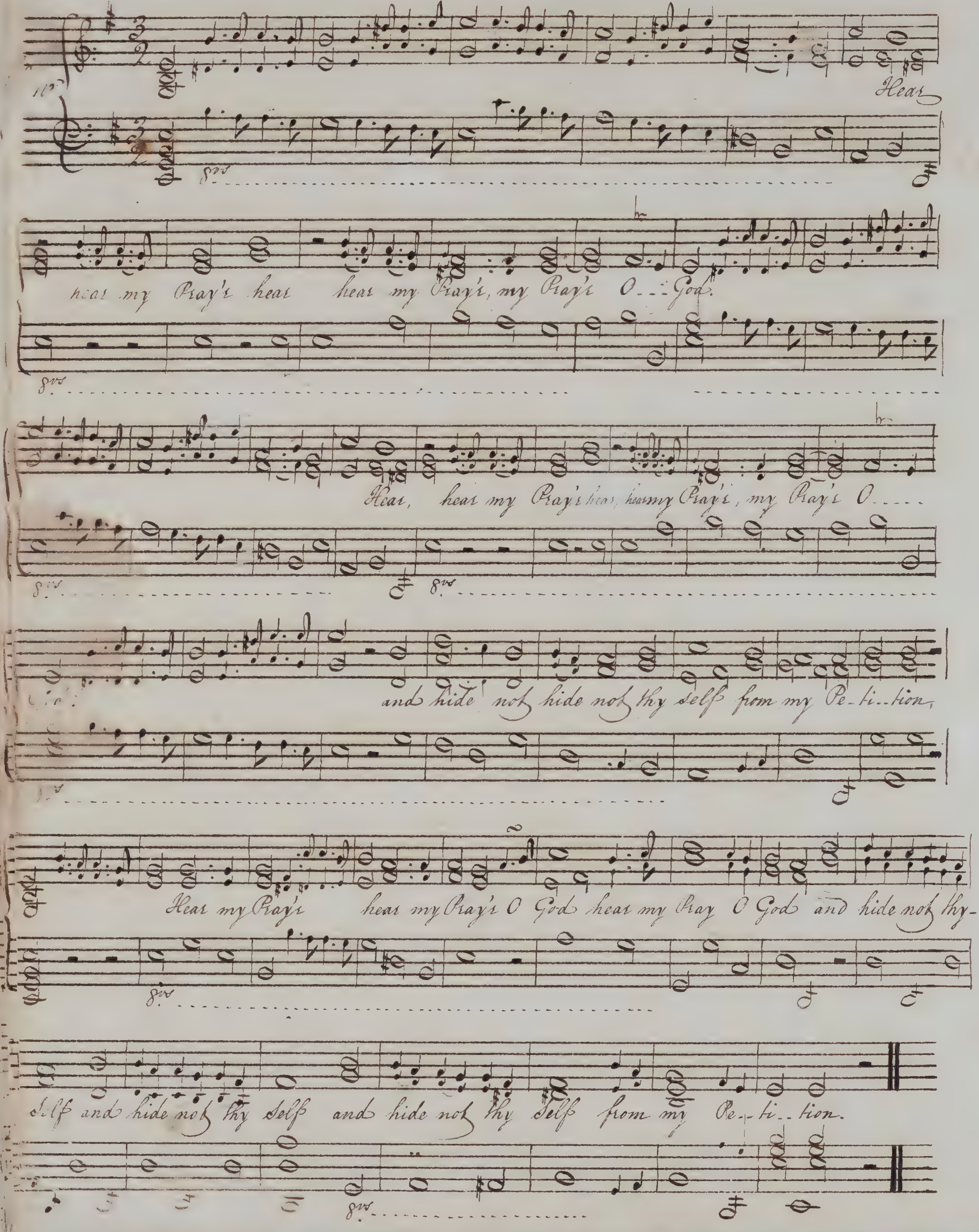
Ye gales that love with me to sigh
If in your breezy flight you see
My dear Floreski lingring nigh
Oh whisper this command from me
Thy Mistress bids thee haste away
And shun the broad ey'd watchful day

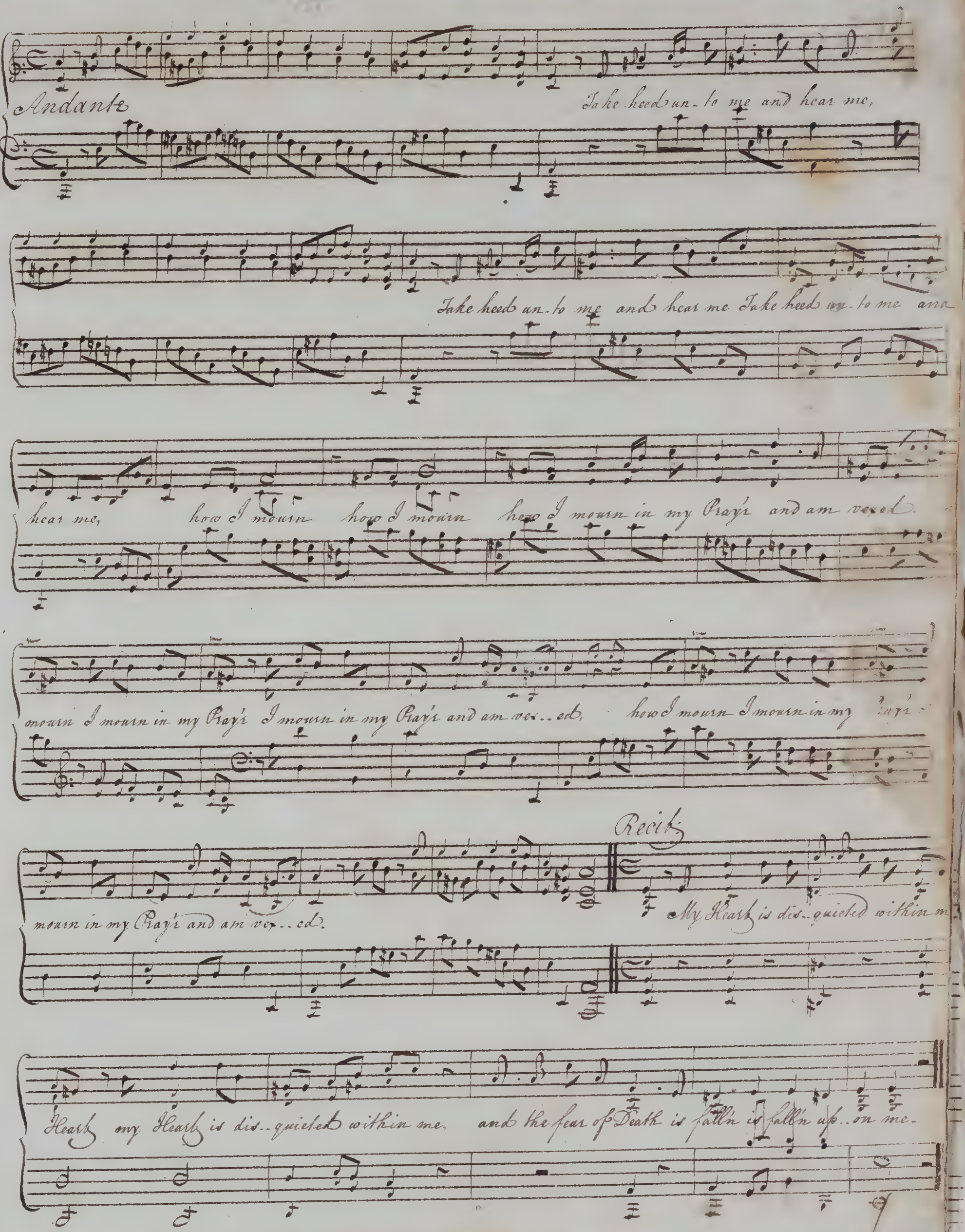
The Traveller Benighted. in Love in a Village

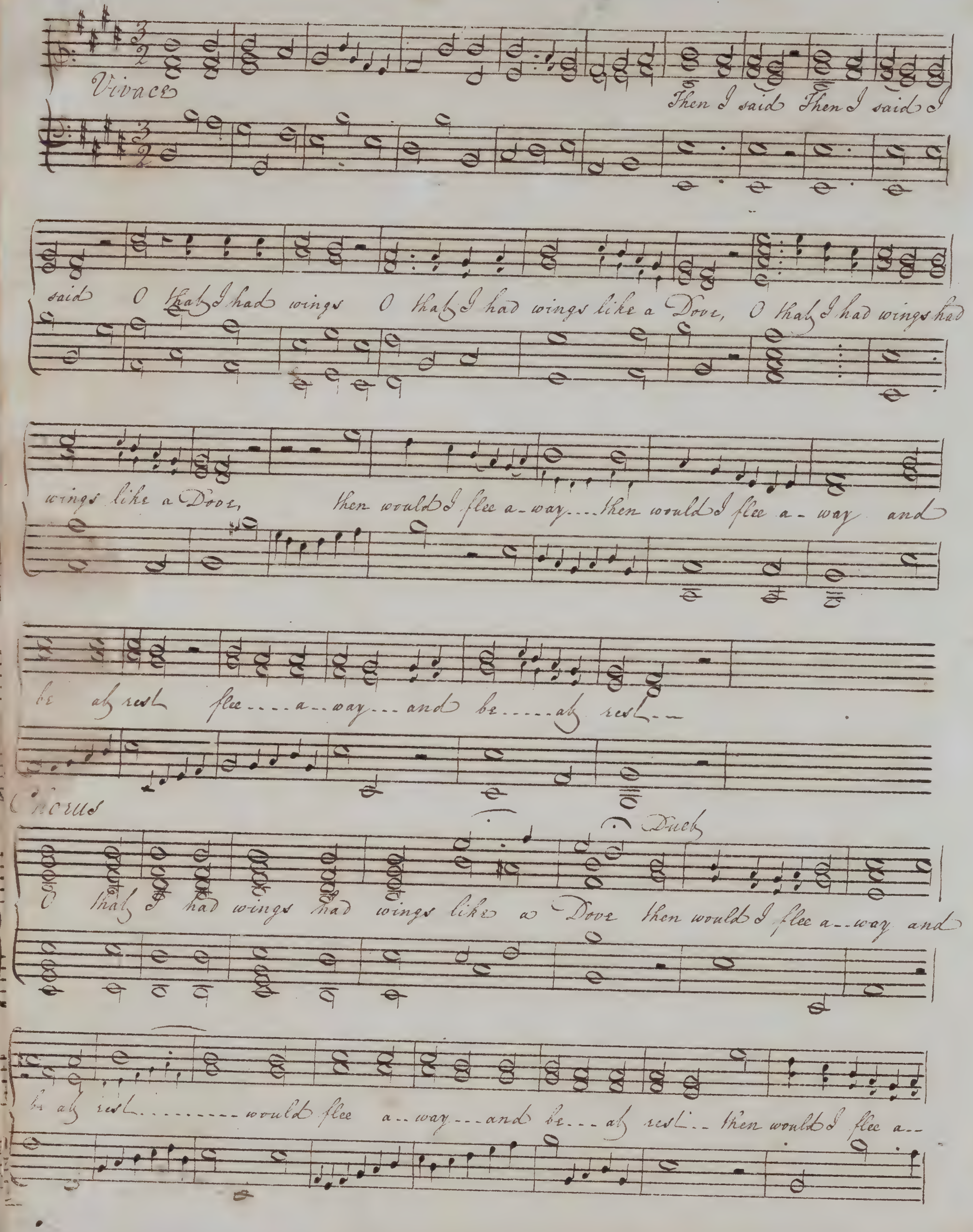

Allegro Moderato
The Traveller benighted and led thro' weary ways the lamp of day new lighted with
joy the dawn surveys with Joy……………
awn surveys the lamp of day new lighted with Joy the dawn surveys……………
Sym.
……………with Joy the dawn surveys.
The rising prospect viewing each look is forward cast he smiles his course pursuing nor

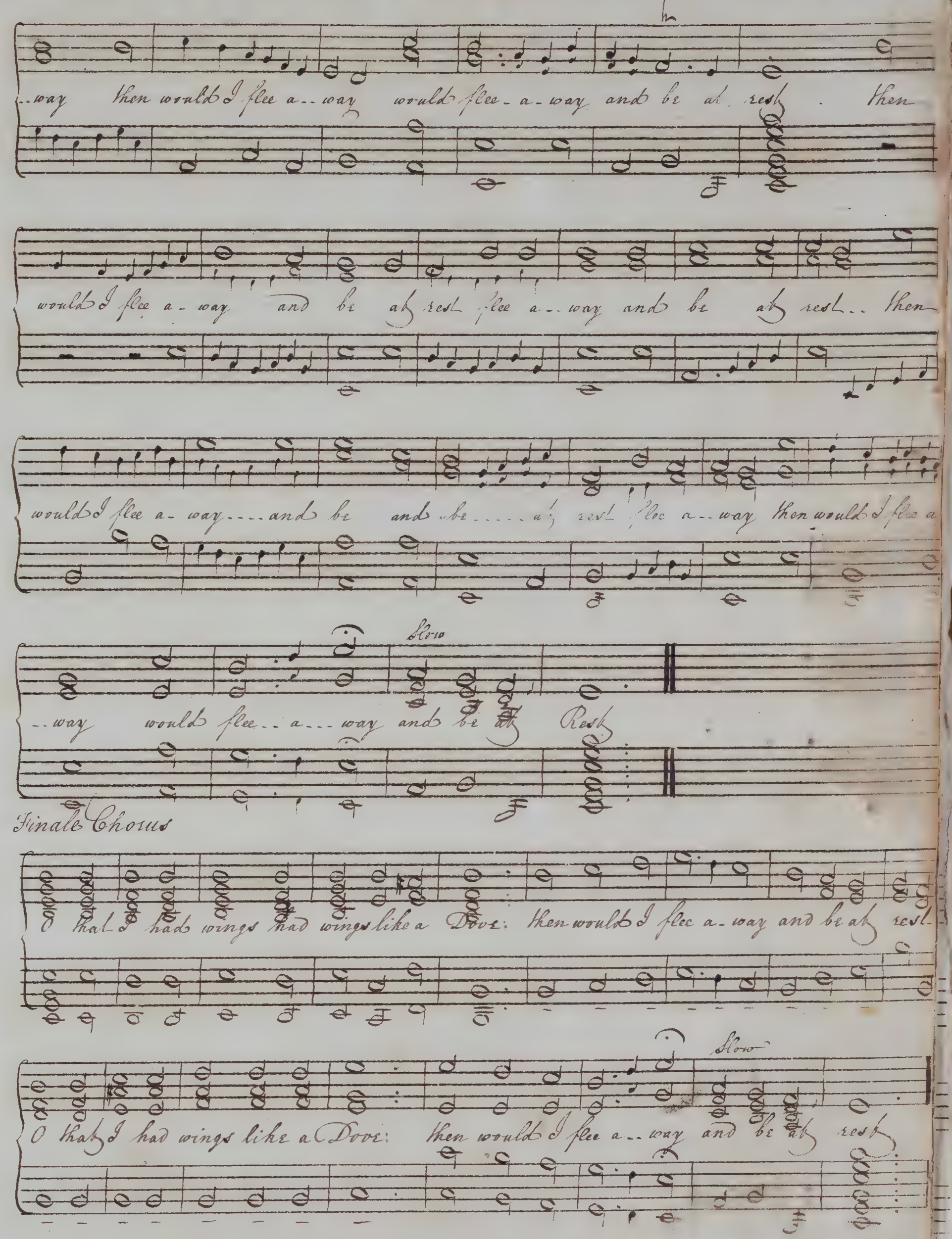
2d
For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this thy lively bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade:
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er
The feather'd Songsters please no more
And when they droop, and we decay
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

ear my Prayer a favorite Anthem by Dr. James Kent

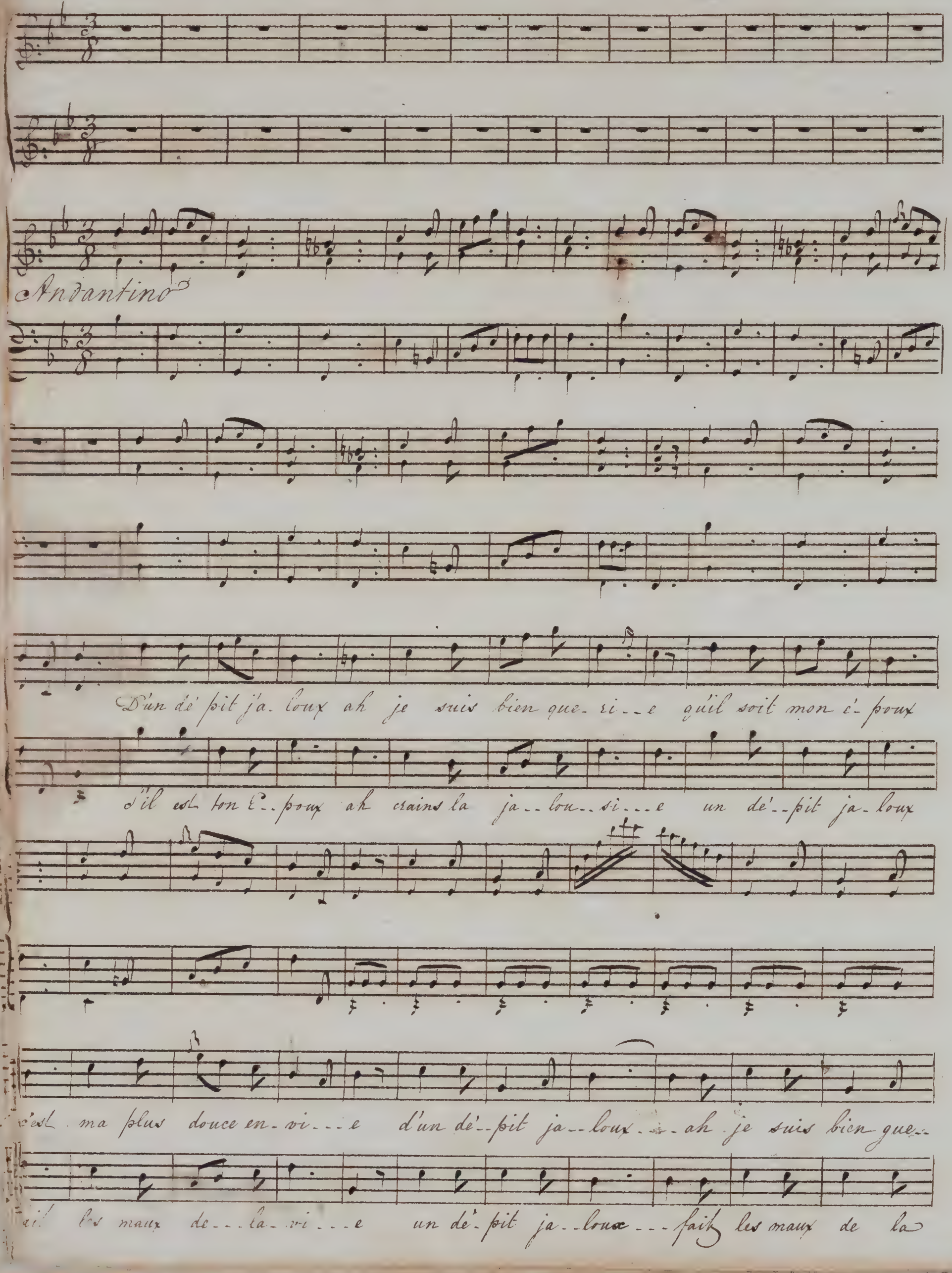

Hear
hear my Pray'r hear hear my Pray'r, my Pray'r O.. God.
Hear, hear my Pray'r hear, hear my Pray'r, my Pray'r O.....
and hide not hide not thy self from my Pe..ti..tion.
Hear my Pray'r hear my Pray'r O God hear my Pray O God and hide not thy-
self and hide not thy self and hide not thy self from my Pe..ti..tion.
8va

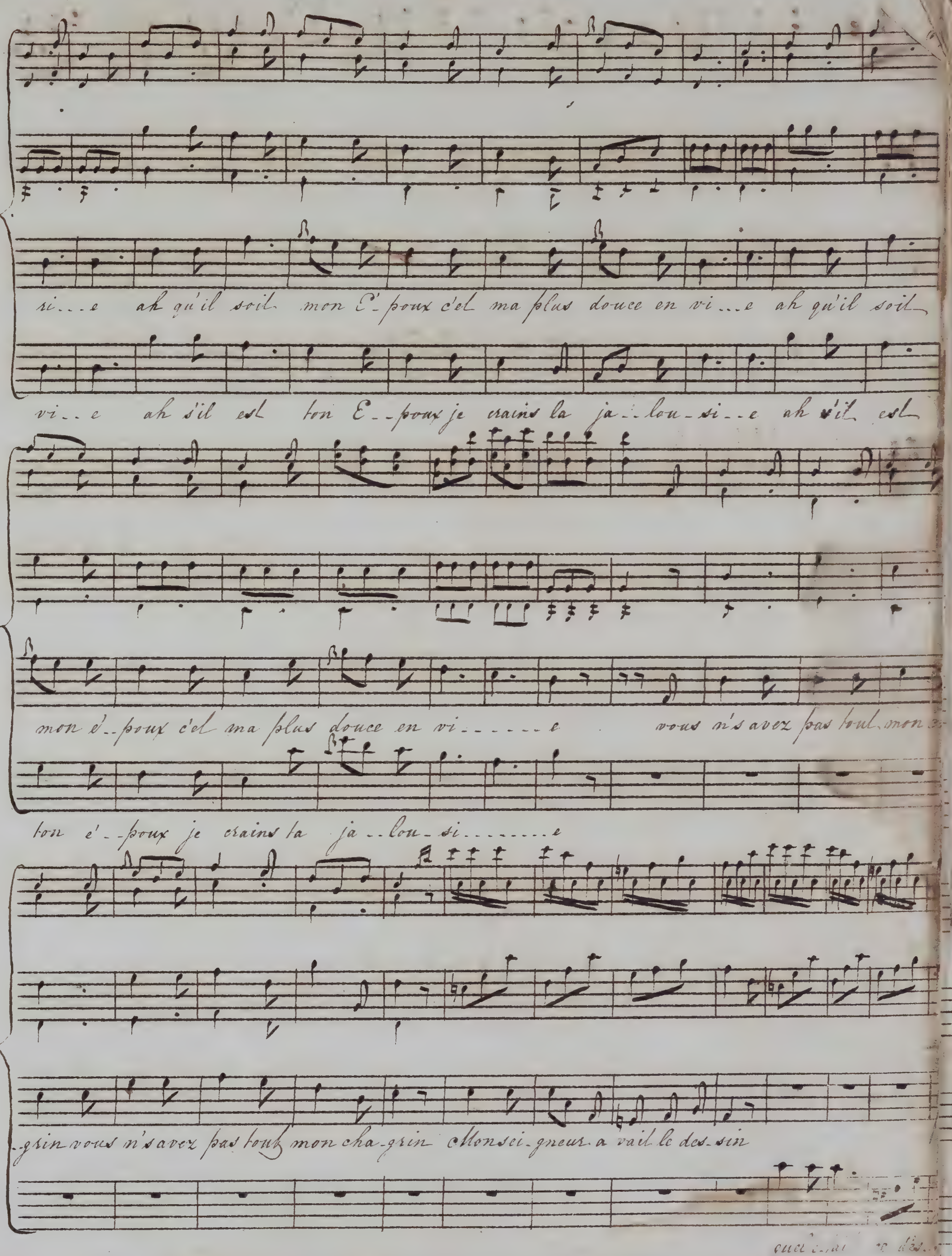

Andante
Take heed un..to me and hear me,
Take heed un..to me and hear me Take heed un..to me and
hear me, how I mourn how I mourn how I mourn in my Pray'r and am vex..d.
mourn I mourn in my Pray'r I mourn in my Pray'r and am vex...ed. how I mourn I mourn in my Pray'r
mourn in my Pray'r and am vex...ed.
Recit
My Heart is dis..quieted within me
Heart my Heart is dis..quieted within me and the fear of Death is fall'n is fall'n up..on me.

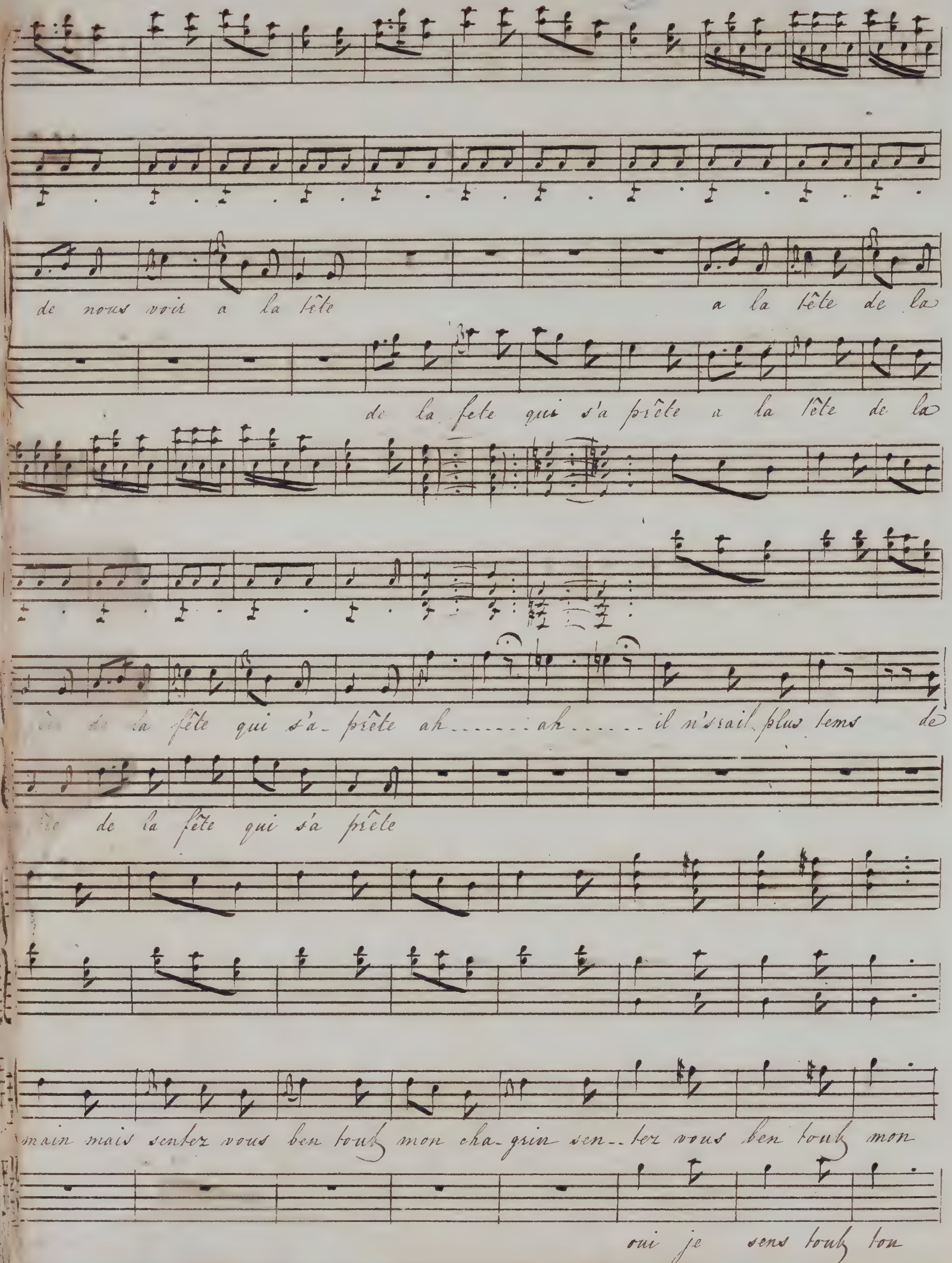

Vivace
Then I said Then I said I
said O that I had wings O that I had wings like a Dove, O that I had wings had
wings like a Dove, then would I flee a-way.... then would I flee a- way and
be at rest flee.....a...way... and be.....at rest.--
Chorus
Duet
O that I had wings had wings like a Dove then would I flee a--way and
be at rest.........would flee a--way...and be...at rest.. then would I flee a--

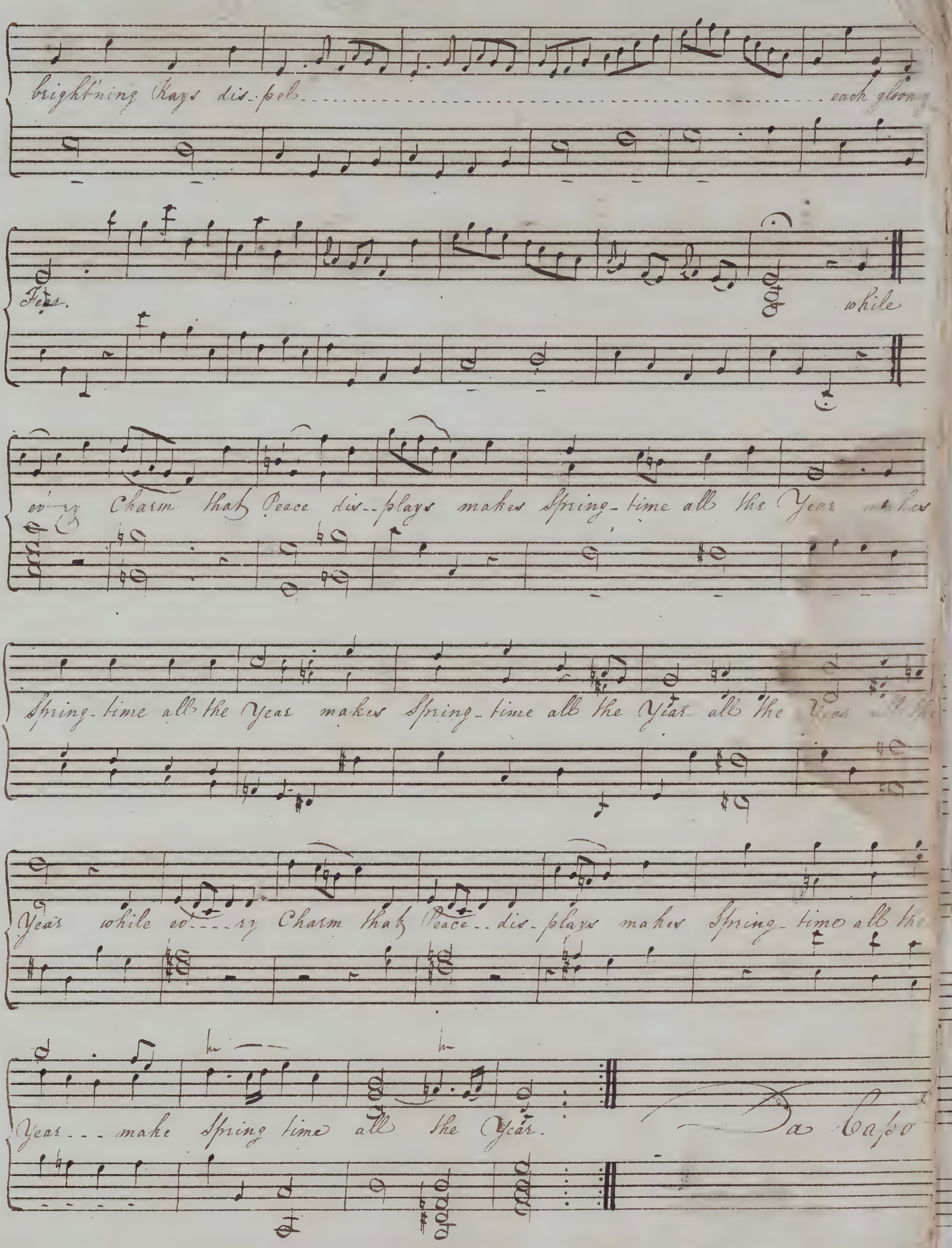

..way then would I flee a--way would flee-a-way and be at rest. Then
would I flee a-way and be at rest flee a--way and be at rest.. then
would I flee a-way....and be and be.....at rest flee a--way then would I flee a
Slow
..way would flee..a...way and be at Rest
Finale Chorus
O that I had wings had wings like a Dove: then would I flee a-way and be at rest.
Slow
O that I had wings like a Dove: then would I flee a..way and be at rest

uo, in the Opera of [illegible] [illegible]

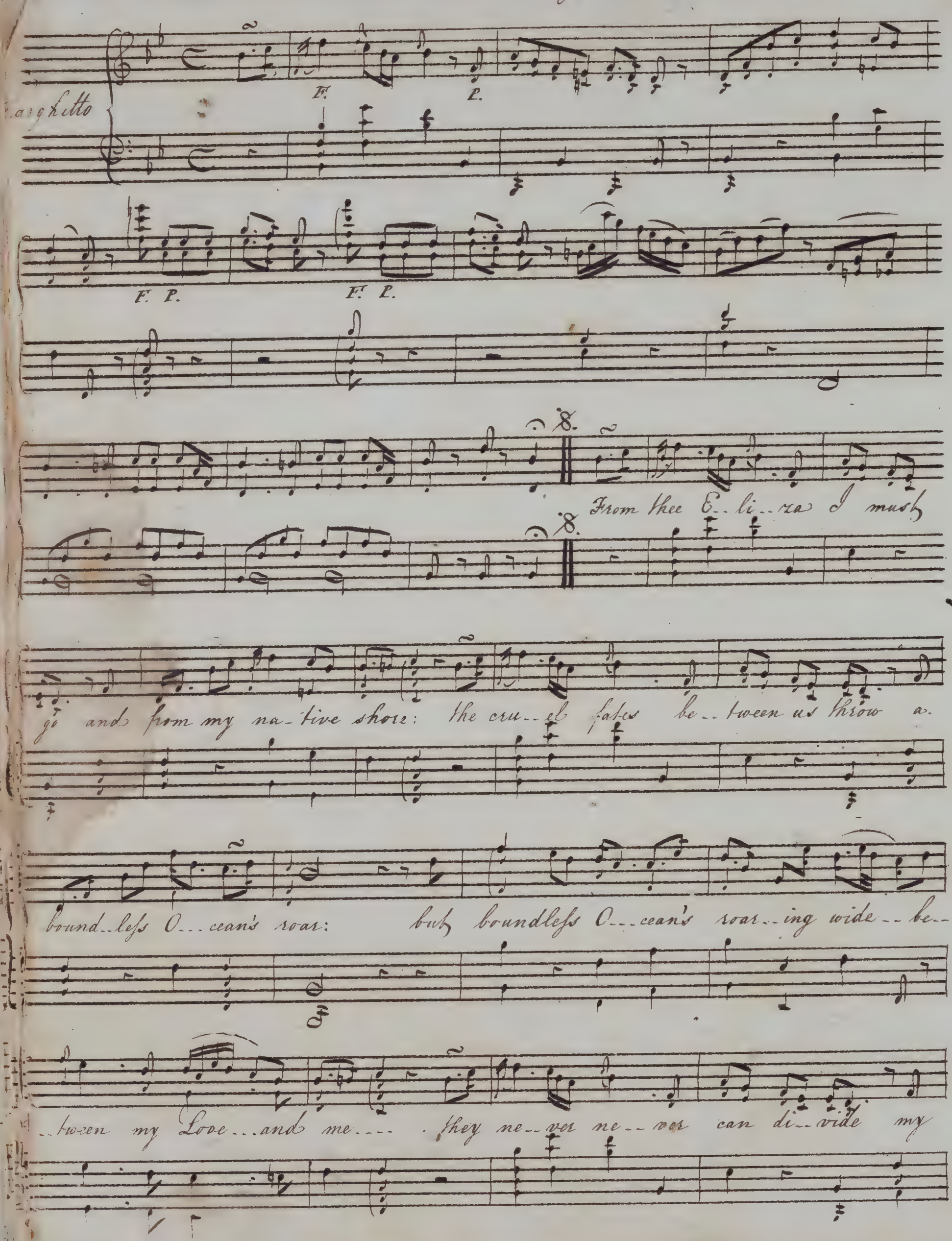

Andantino
D'un dé pit ja loux ah je suis bien que ri e qu'il soit mon é poux
s'il est ton E poux ah crains la ja lou si e un dé pit ja loux
c'est ma plus douce en vi e d'un dé pit ja loux ah je suis bien gue
ri les maux de la vi e un dé pit ja loux fait les maux de la

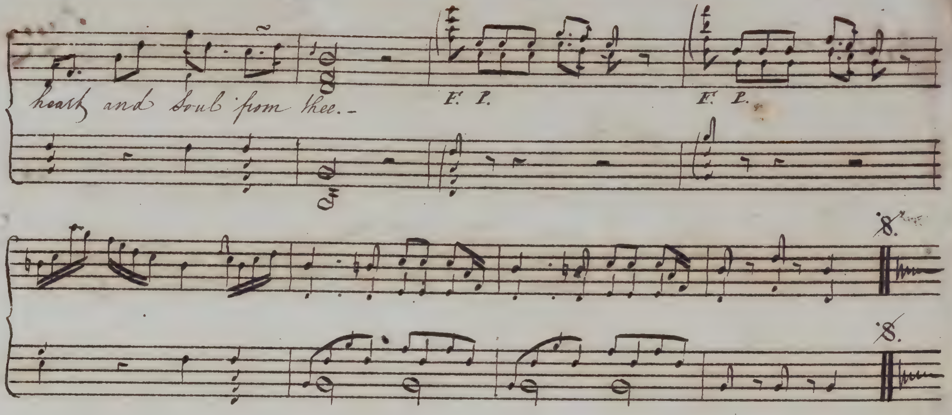

ri e ah qu'il soit mon E poux c'est ma plus douce en vi e ah qu'il soit
vi e ah s'il est ton E poux je crains la ja lou si e ah s'il est
mon é poux c'est ma plus douce en vi e vous n'savez pas tout mon
ton é poux je crains la ja lou si e
grin vous n'savez pas tout mon cha grin Monsei gneur a vait le des sin
quel


de nous voir a la tête a la tête de la
de la fete qui s'a prête a la tête de la
de la fête qui s'a- prête ah...... ah...... il n'ssait plus tems de
de la fête qui s'a prête
main mais sentez vous ben toutz mon cha-grin sen-tez vous ben toutz mon
oui je sens toutz ton


brightning Rays dis-pel...... each gloomy
Fears. while
ev-ry Charm that Peace dis-plays makes Spring-time all the Year makes
Spring-time all the Year makes Spring-time all the Year all the Year all the
Year while ev-ry Charm that Peace dis-plays makes Spring-time all the
Year... make Spring time all the Year.
Da Capo

From thee Eliza I must go.


Larghetto
F. P.
F. P.
F. P.
From thee E_li_za I must
go and from my na_tive shore: the cru__el fates be__tween us throw a.
bound__less O...cean's roar: but boundless O...cean's roar__ing wide__be__
__tween my Love...and me.... they ne__ver ne__ver can di__vide my

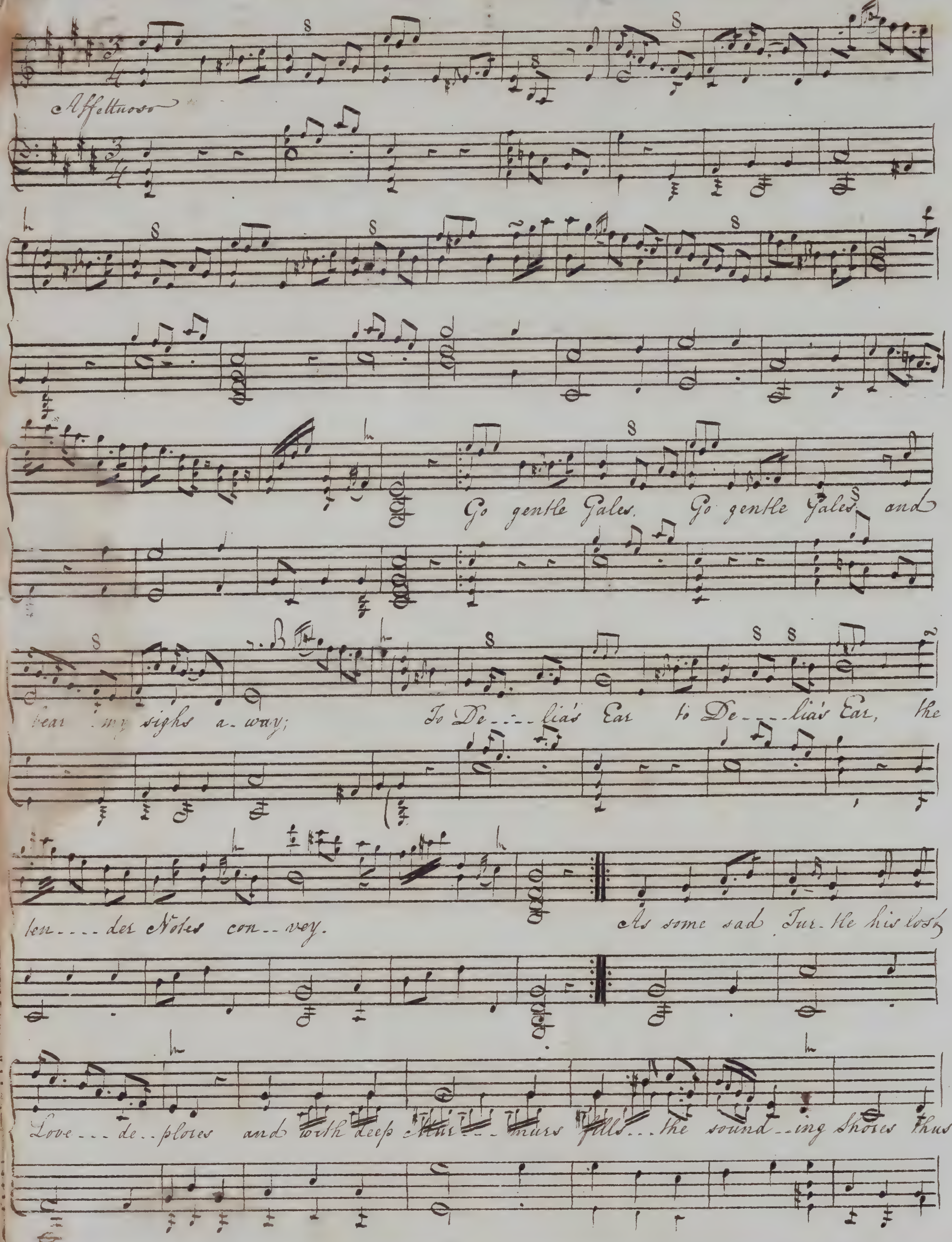

heart and Soul from thee.-
F. P.
F. P.

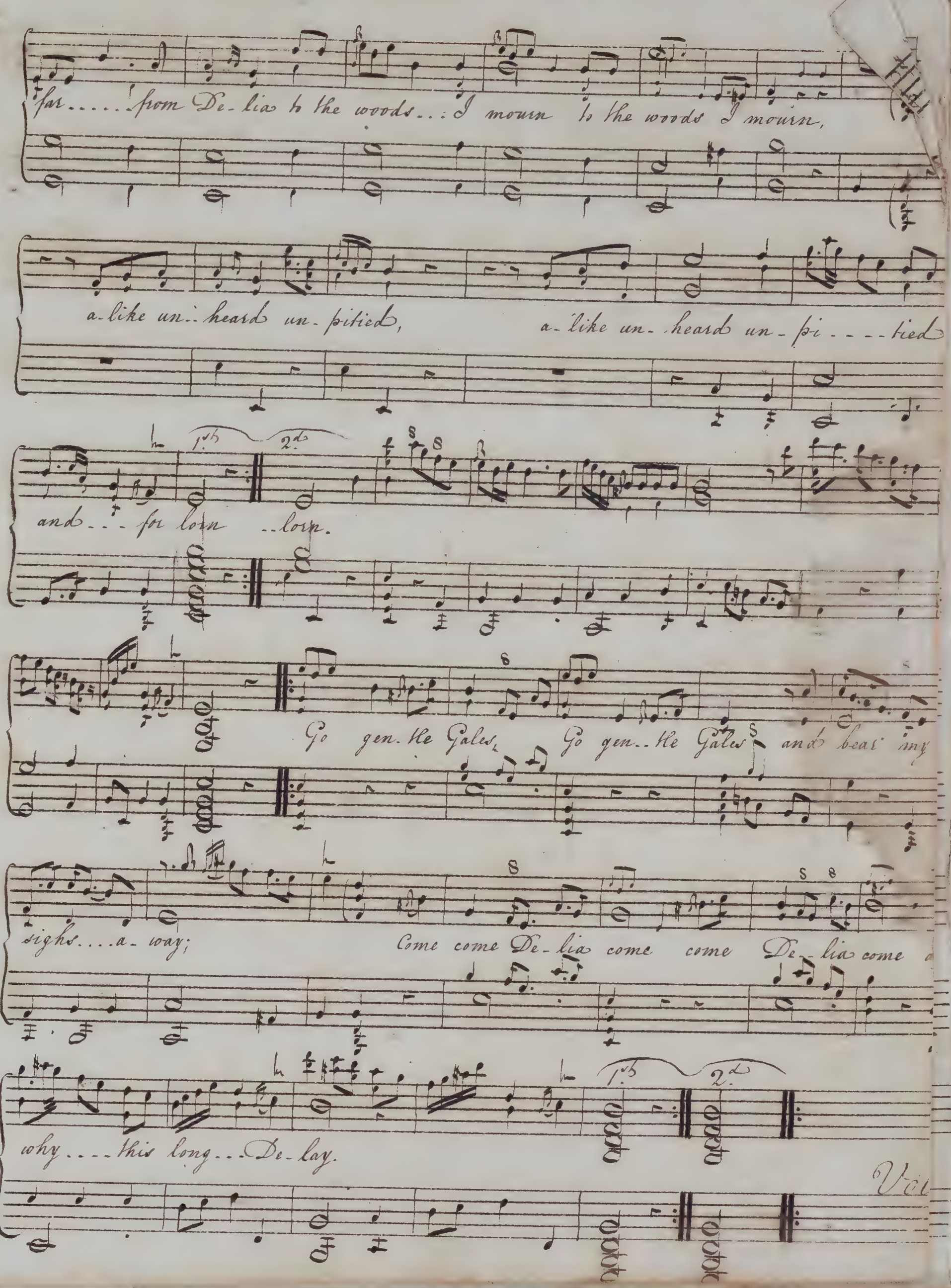
2d

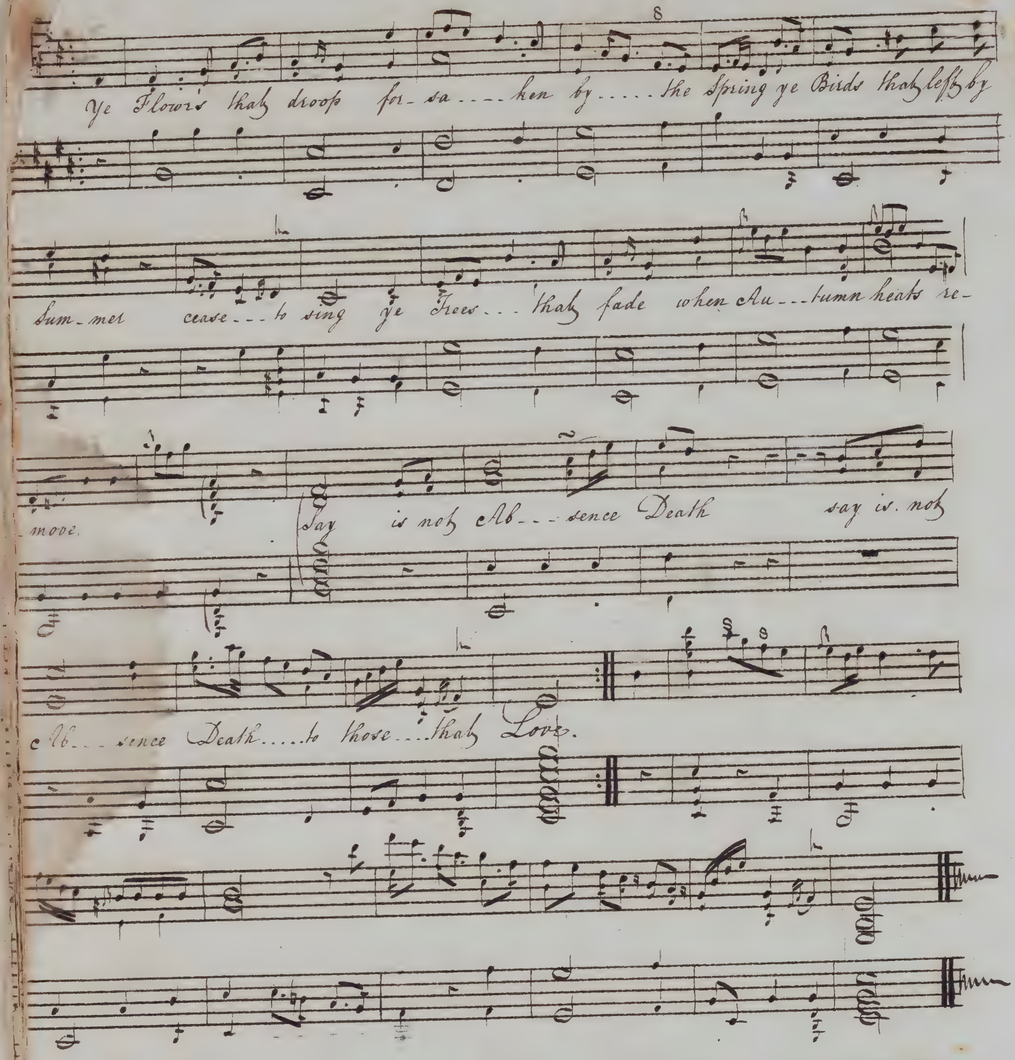
Farewel, farewel, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear
We part to meet no more!
But the last throb that leaves my heart
While death stands victor by
That throb, Eliza, is thy part
And thine, that latest sigh.-

Go gentle Gales

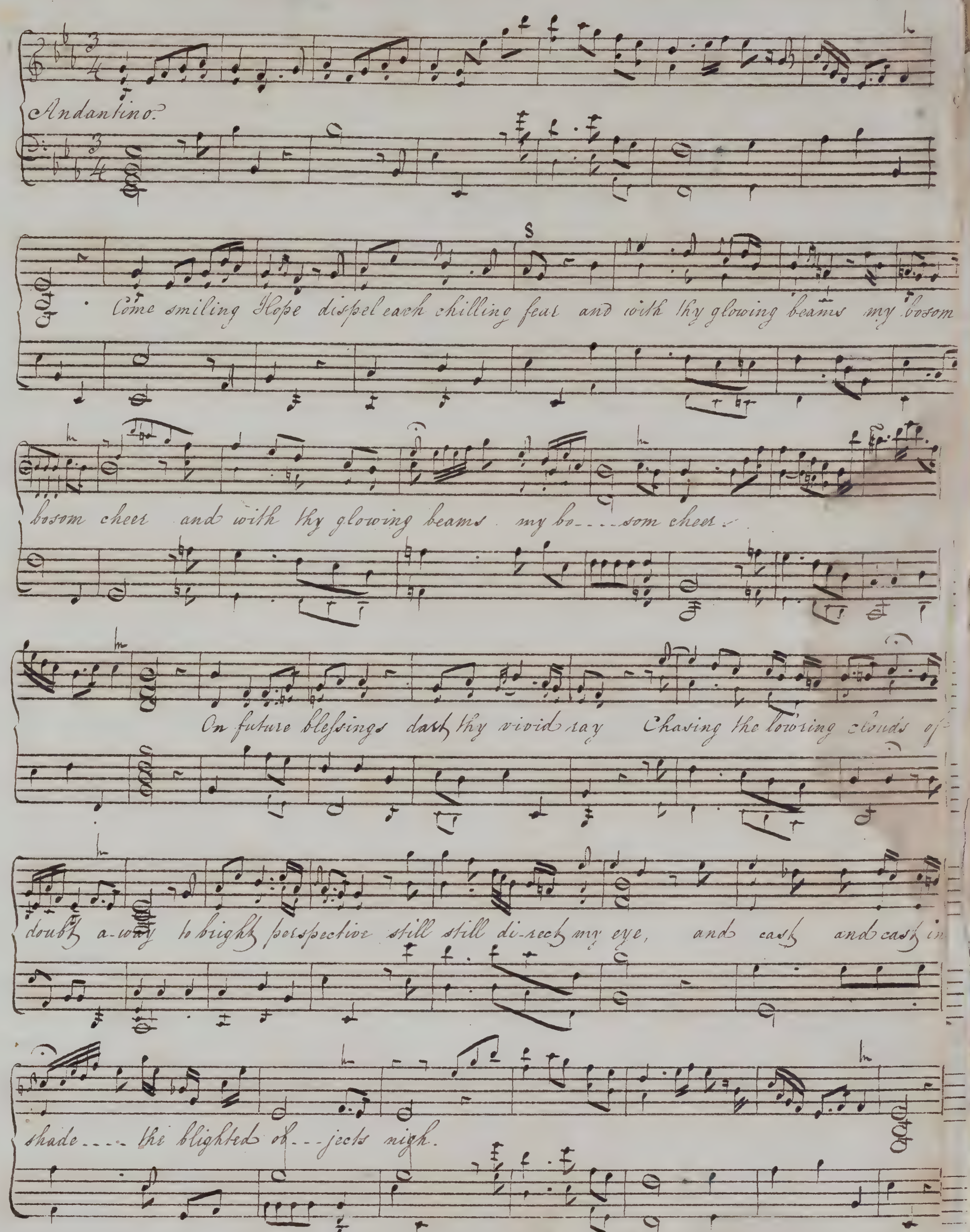
J Johnson

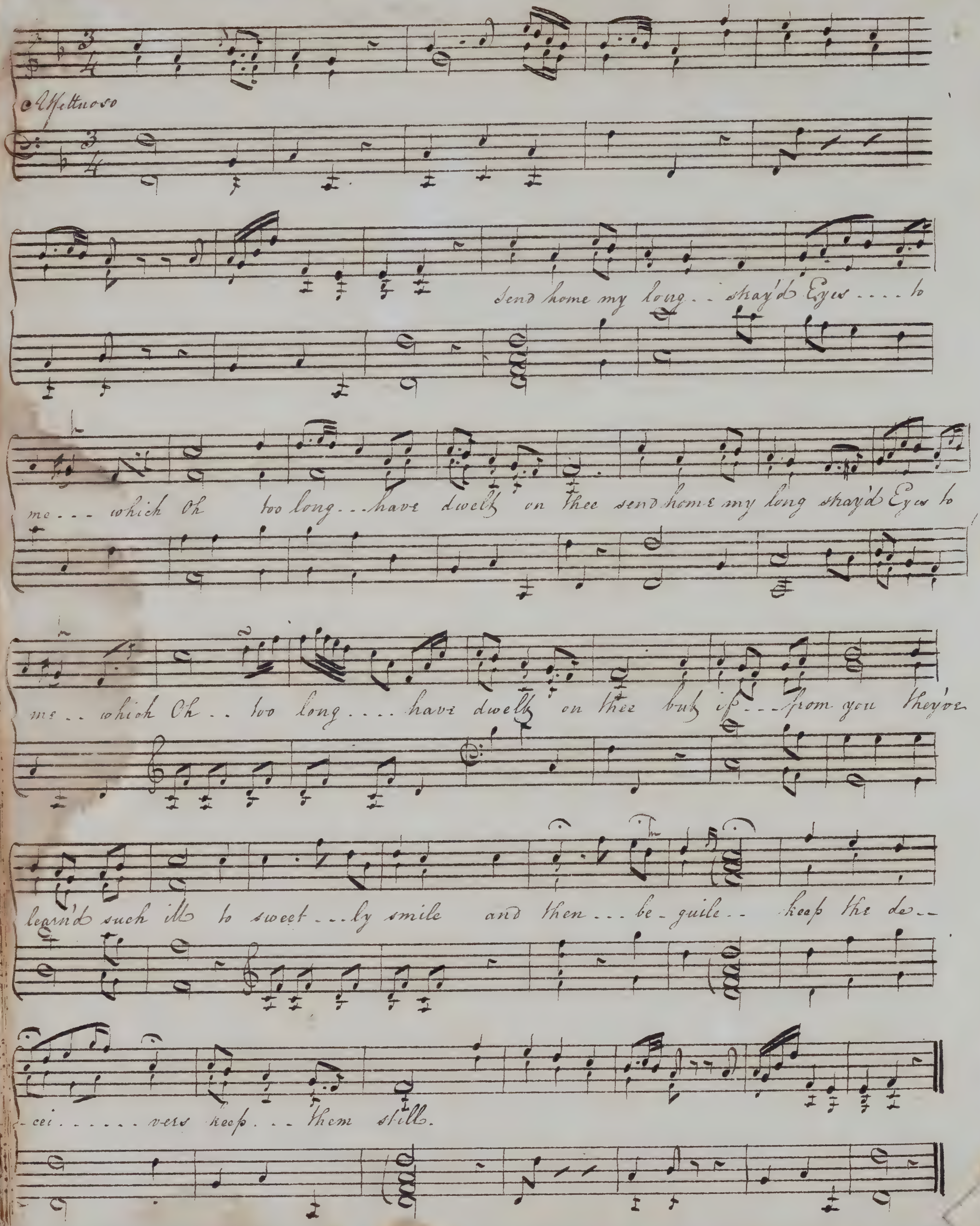

Affettuoso
Go gentle Gales, Go gentle Gales and
bear my sighs a-way; To De-lia's Ear to De-lia's Ear, the
ten-der Notes con-vey. As some sad Tur-tle his lost
Love de-plores and with deep Mur-murs fills the sound-ing Shores thus


far from De-lia to the woods I mourn to the woods I mourn,
a-like un-heard un-pitied, a-like un-heard un-pi-tied
and for-lorn lorn.
1st 2d
Go gen-tle Gales, Go gen-tle Gales and bear my
sighs a-way; Come come De-lia come come De-lia come
why this long De-lay.
1st 2d
Vol-


Ye Flow'rs that droop for-sa....ken by..... the Spring ye Birds that left by
Sum-mer cease... to sing ye Trees... that fade when Au...tumn heats re-
move.
Say is not Ab...sence Death say is not
Ab...sence Death.....to those....that Love.

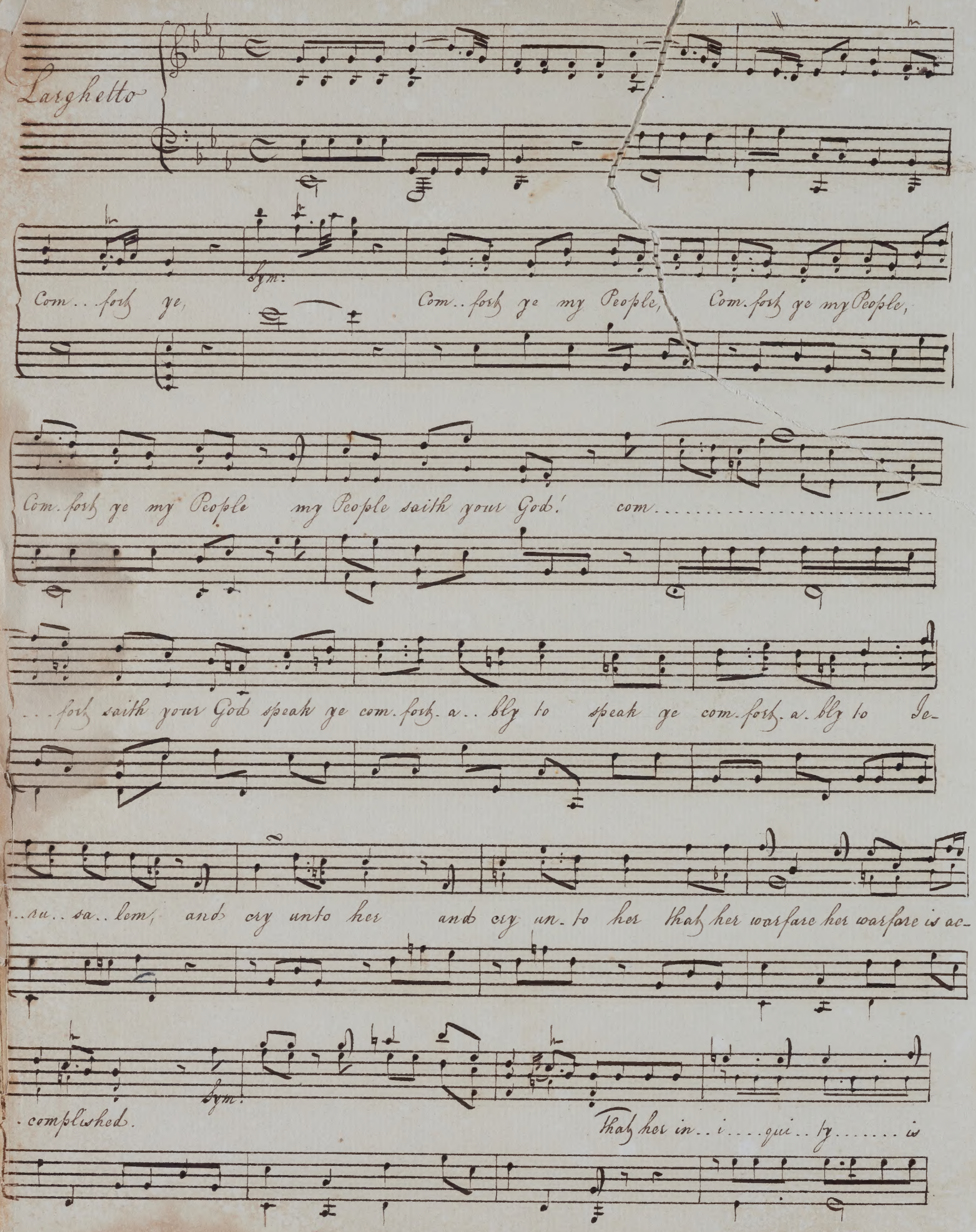
Sig.ra Banti in the Italian Opera of

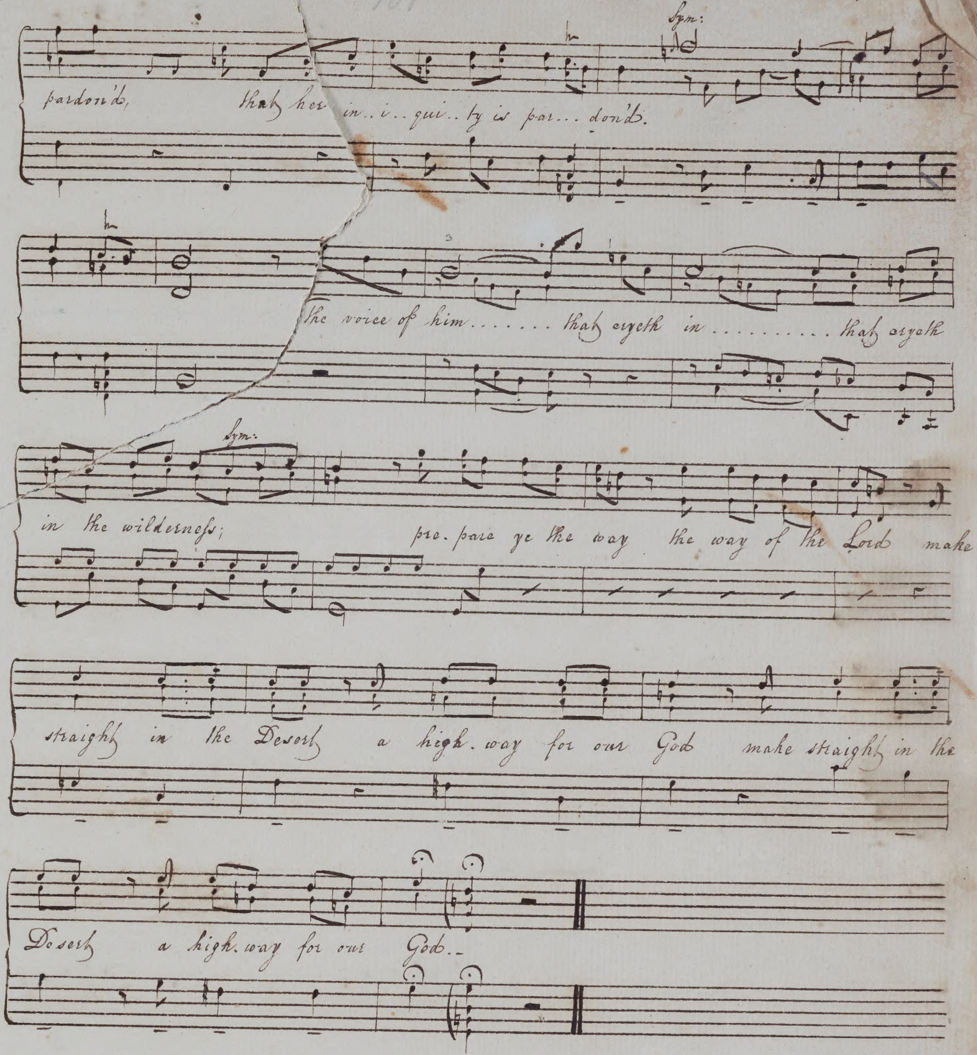

Andantino.
Come smiling Hope dispel each chilling fear and with thy glowing beams my bosom
bosom cheer and with thy glowing beams my bo....som cheer.
On future blessings dart thy vivid ray Chasing the lowring clouds of
doubt a-way to bright perspective still still di-rect my eye, and cast and cast in
shade.... the blighted ob...jects nigh.


Affettuoso
send home my long . . stray'd Eyes . . . . to
me . . . which Oh too long . . . have dwelt on thee send home my long stray'd Eyes to
me . . which Oh . . too long . . . . have dwelt on thee but if . . . from you they've
learn'd such ill to sweet . . . ly smile and then . . . be - guile . . keep the de -
- cei . . . . . vers keep . . . them still.

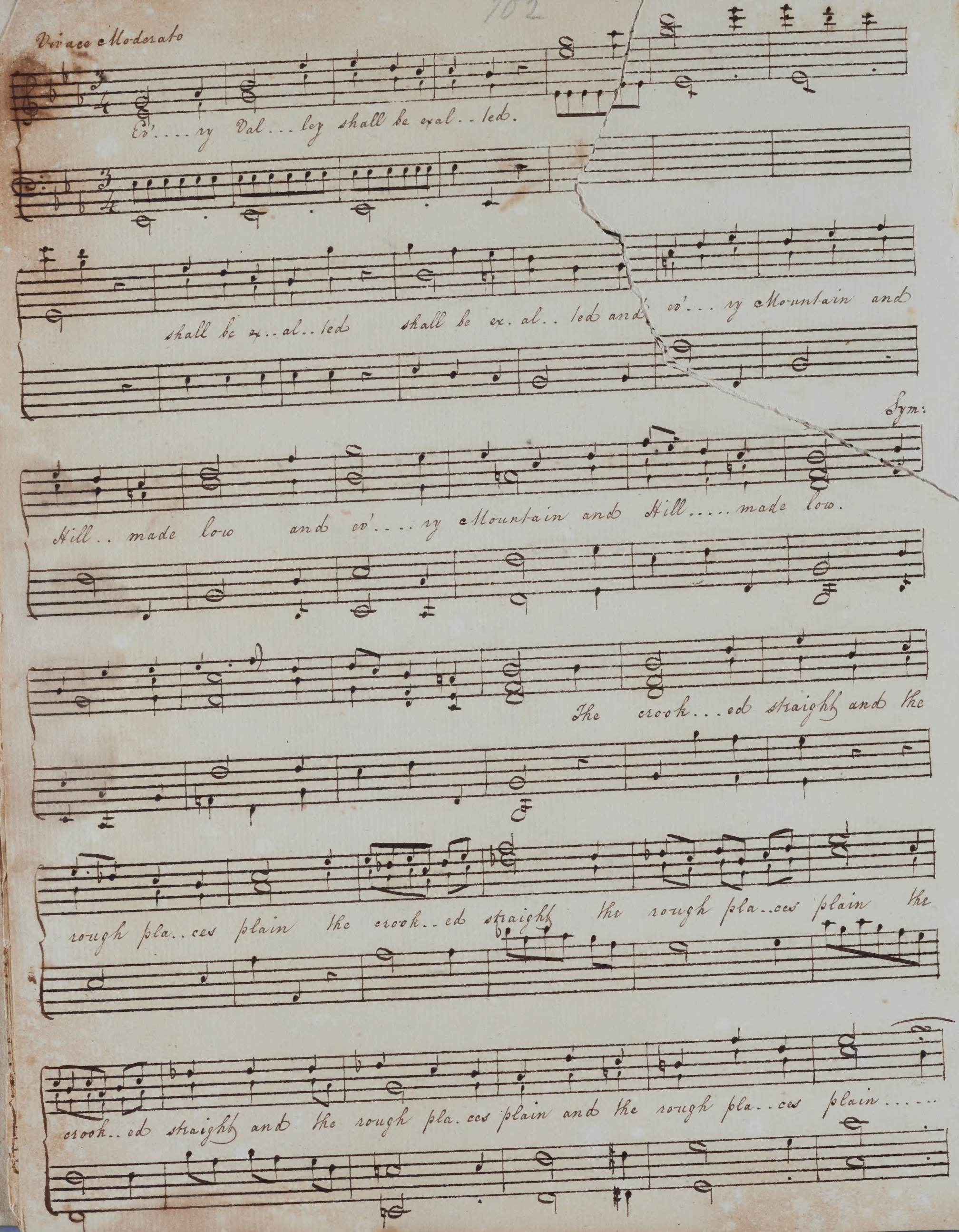
Anthem

by G: Green

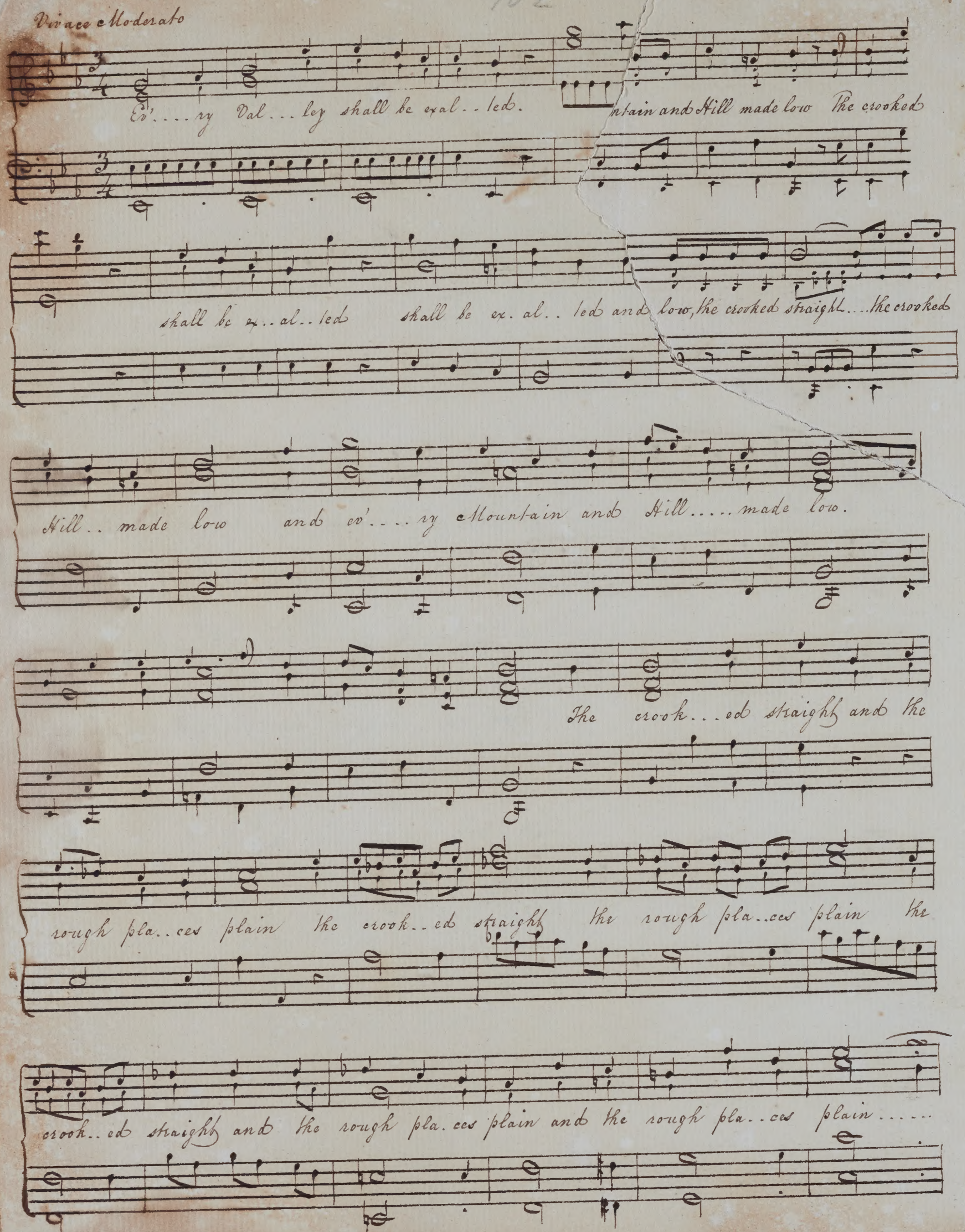

Larghetto
Com.. fort ye,
Sym:
Com..fort ye my People, Com.fort ye my People,
Com.fort ye my People my People saith your God! com.......
...fort saith your God speak ye com.fort.a..bly to speak ye com.fort.a.bly to Je-
..ru..sa..lem, and cry unto her and cry un.to her that her warfare her warfare is ac-
.complished. Sym: That her in..i....qui..ty.......is


Sym:
pardon'd, that her in..i..qui..ty is par...don'd.
The voice of him....... that cryeth in.......... that cryeth
Sym:
in the wilderness; pre.pare ye the way the way of the Lord make
straight in the Desert a high.way for our God make straight in the
Desert a high.way for our God..

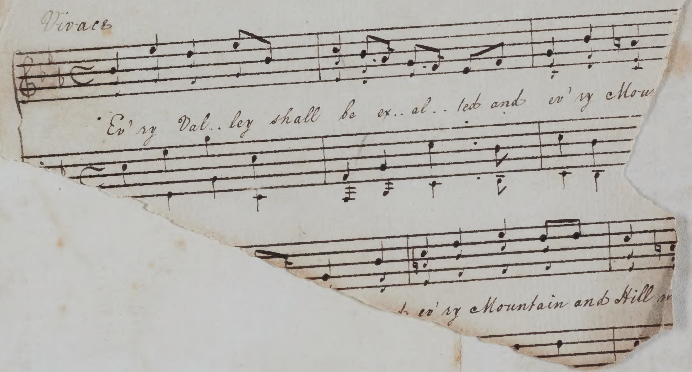
Volti


Vivace Moderato
Ev'....ry Val...ley shall be exal..ted.
shall be ex..al..ted shall be ex.al..ted and ev'...ry Mountain and
Sym:
Hill.. made low and ev'....ry Mountain and Hill.....made low.
The crook...ed straight and the
rough pla..ces plain the crook..ed straight the rough pla..ces plain the
crook..ed straight and the rough pla.ces plain and the rough pla..ces plain......

the
crook..ed straight and
Sym:
plain.


Vivace e Moderato
Ev'....ry Val...ley shall be exal..led.
ntain and Hill made low The crooked
shall be ex..al..led shall be ex. al.. led and low, the crooked straight....the crooked
Hill.. made low and ev'....ry Mountain and Hill.....made low.
The crook...ed straight and the
rough pla..ces plain the crook..ed straight the rough pla..ces plain the
crook..ed straight and the rough pla.ces plain and the rough pla..ces plain......

Chorus


Vivace
Ev'ry Val..ley shall be ex..al..led and ev'ry Mou
ev'ry Mountain and Hill m